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THE STEEL BILL

THOSE who supposed that the Steel Bill would be a piece of political window-dressing designed to appease the Left Wing of the Labour Movement, without any serious inroad on private ownership of this key industry, will be disappointed. The more they study the Bill, the more they are likely to find that this measure has "teeth" in it.

Writing before the publication of the Bill, we confine ourselves to the broad principles of Socialist policy which have inspired it. Its basis, we are confident, will be found to be the taking over into public ownership of a certain number of steel-producing firms, on appropriate compensation terms, and therewith the setting up of some form of national Board or Corporation to administer the undertakings thus transferred to public operation. In the case of an industry such as steel, which has no precisely definable frontiers—for it runs into a whole host of metal-working trades—the method of naming particular firms to be taken over is obviously right. The important question is how many concerns are to be acquired. Clearly these must include, to begin with, all the makers of "carbon steel" and of the various "alloy steels"—which together are what the ordinary man means when he says "steel." Nationalisation should also include all the makers of pig iron for steel and all the producers of the iron ore which goes into the making of pig iron.

The more arguable issues relate to the processes subsequent to crude steel production, in which the crude steel is re-rolled or forged or cast into a wide variety of semi-finished or finished goods. Many of these subsequent processes are nowadays so integrated with crude steel making—and should be more so, as the industry is technically re-equipped—that it is clearly out of the question to nationalise the one without the other. These later processes, however, are at present partly in the hands of the big crude steel firms, or of their subsidiaries, and partly in those of independent firms or re-rollers, finishers, etc., or of firms which belong primarily to one branch or another of engineering, which, of course, it is not proposed to acquire. This being the case, wherever the process of acquisition stops, there is bound to be a considerable area of manufacture over which the nationalised sector of the industry will be in direct competition with businesses that will remain in private hands. Provided that the State acquires enough to give ample room for the requisite technical reorganisation, we not merely see no objection to such competition; we welcome it as a means of ensuring that the nationalised sector will have to prove its efficiency.

The merits of the Bill, then, can be simply tested. Does it include, besides all the processes up to crude steel-making, the essential operations of re-rolling and of the production of plates and sheets, including tinplates, together with the major part of such processes as tube-making, wheel- and axle-making, and cold strip production? Given this range, the nationalised steel industry will be able to eliminate all dangerous monopolistic practices and to take full advantage of the opportunities for improved location and equipment. Necessarily, in face of shortages of both man-power and materials and machinery, reorganisation will have to be spread over a long period, and no spectacular changes in efficiency can be rapidly achieved.

It can be assumed that the new set-up will include a National Board or similar body, which will be responsible both for steel policy and for reorganisation. For some time, this body will have to work largely through the existing business units. But, as soon as it takes hold, it will be able to begin on a process of sorting the industry out into better-planned units, largely regional; and it should be able to work, apart from the central planning of output, mainly on a decentralised system of control. It will have at the outset to face a good many awkward problems of price-policy; for steel production is at present being subsidised in a number of ways calculated both to keep down total costs and to equalise conditions for works of varying location and up-to-dateness of equipment. In place of the confused medley of expedients now in use, the new body will have to devise a coherent price policy, designed to help export and home capital development without putting undue burdens on the taxpayer. It will also have to operate some sort of licensing system for private producers over the field in which nationalised and capitalist enterprises will be in competition; and it may have to unscramble some of the concerns it has acquired if their subsidiary operations range too far afield.

These, however, are details. The main point is whether the Bill's scope is sufficiently wide to break the monopoly of the steel-makers and to set up a flexible instrument for the industry's future development in the public interest. The wider the Bill's range, the stiffer the fight over it is certain to be. Its second reading will be the beginning of battle between capitalism and democratic Socialism joined on a crucial issue of economic power and control.

The Rest of the Programme

Apart from steel, the legislation foreshadowed in the King's Speech consists, for the most part, of a useful list of "tidying up" measures which should not arouse notable party controversy. Ranging as it does from Bills to deal with the reconditioning of houses and the review of rents chargeable for shared rooms to measures for making legal aid more readily available to persons of small means, for providing better training for nurses, and for modifying the powers of producers' marketing boards, the programme is utilitarian rather than sensational. Outstanding in public interest is the welcome announcement that a National Parks Bill will definitely be introduced—on lines, we trust, which will preserve the essential principle of planning by a National Commission, subject to reasonable concessions to regional and local susceptibilities. These Bills will provide plenty of scope for argument, but, leaving steel aside, the most important debates will probably deal with administrative questions—"disinflation" and the export drive, defence and the broader issues of British foreign policy.

Berlin—Stalemate

No surprise need be occasioned by Mr. Vyshinsky's refusal to accept the resolution on Berlin drafted by the six "neutral" members of the Security Council and put to the vote last Monday. It is true that the resolution was "mild" in the sense that it did not explicitly condemn the actions of the Soviet Union or make any reference to any "threats to peace." But, as Mr. Vyshinsky observed, it called upon the U.S.S.R. to lift the blockade in return for a mere assurance by the Western Powers that the discussions by the Military Governors on the conditions for introducing the Eastern Mark in the whole of Berlin would be "resumed." Although Dr. Jessup, the U.S. delegate, pleaded with Mr. Vyshinsky to recognise that Four-Power control of the Eastern Mark would not damage the Soviet Zone's economy, and that Russia could have any reasonable guarantee that the Western Powers would not use transport facilities to create a black market in Berlin, the fact remained that the Russians were being asked to give up a strong bargaining position without any precise guarantee that the Governors' talks would not again end in disagreement. It appears that, in negotiations with Dr. Bramuglia, a last-minute offer was made by Mr. Vyshinsky to accept a resolution recommending that the blockade should be lifted as soon as the Military Governors reached agreement. This, of course, would merely have been a reversion to the situation created by the Moscow talks; and the Western Powers, naturally fearing that the Russians would see to it that the Governors' discussions were indefinitely protracted, declined to accept this formula. The machinery of the Security Council was thus exhausted, and for the moment the Western Powers are thrown back upon the air-lift.

Israel and the Arab League

The Jewish victory in Southern Palestine has killed the Bernadotte Plan. The whole Northern Negev, which the mediator had allotted to the Arabs, is now in Jewish hands, including Beer-Sheba. Some 30,000 Egyptian soldiers are now contained in four pockets by two divisions of the Israeli Army and the fall of Gaza was only prevented by the cease-fire. Despite desperate appeals by Farouk, Abdullah did not come to the succour of his ally in distress. He was obviously well content to watch his own bargaining position strengthened by the Egyptian defeat. Meanwhile the Jews have also been improving their communications with Jerusalem. The Latrun road, once the only highway from Tel-Aviv to Jerusalem and the scene of the fiercest fighting last summer against the Arab Legion, has now been by-passed. Two new roads have now been completed and one is being metalled. They run through a corridor, over five miles wide, in which Jewish settlements are already being established. As a result, the New City, whose population is almost exclusively Jewish, is now firmly attached to Israel while the much smaller Old City is equally firmly in Trans-Jordan hands. Without the use of strong military forces, it is out of the question for the United Nations to dislodge the Jews either from the Northern Negev or from the Jerusalem corridor, far less from Western Galilee, where the Druses have now sworn allegiance to the new State. If, by delaying recognition, Mr. Bevin hoped to whittle down the area of Israel as defined by the Assembly last November, he has been sadly disappointed. Postponement has enabled the Jews to enlarge their State very considerably; and Ben-Gurion has successfully proved, first, that his citizen army, which not numbers over 80,000 men, is far stronger than the combined professional armies of no less than six Arab States; and, secondly, that the unity of the Arab League is a British myth without any substance at all. In these circumstances continued adherence to the mediator's proposals is unrealistic. America has already abandoned them, as Mr. Dewey made clear last week. Now, a settlement must be reached on the basis of a new *status quo* in which Egypt has been eliminated and Israel and Trans-Jordan remain as the only participants in the division of the spoils. The most sensible course would be a resolution by the Assembly ordering the end of hostilities and direct negotiations between the belligerents. In these negotiations a Uno Commission might well participate as a friendly adviser. But, as always, success depends on British recognition of Israel. So long as this is not forthcoming, the Jews will rely on their own strength and the mistakes of the Arabs to improve their position. By encouraging the Arabs without assisting them, Mr. Bevin is doing them a grievious disservice and making still more difficult the re-establishment of Anglo-Jewish relations which must come sooner or later.

Trade and Rearmament

The slight recession this autumn in British exports from their June-July peak, coupled with signs of a definite "flattening" since the end of 1947 in the rising curve of industrial output, made it likely that there would have to be some downward revision of the official export targets for next year. We doubt, though, whether the country has yet fully realised the gloomy long-term implications of the statement made by the President of the Board of Trade this week. Expressing guarded hopes that the end-1948 target of 150 per cent. of the 1938 volume might be reached, Mr. Wilson announced that the end-1949 target would be only three per cent. higher than this figure. This means that, even with Marshall Aid, we have little chance of raising the level of imports, now restricted to barely four-fifths of the quantity we bought before the war. For, if the most we can hope for is just about to hold our ground in export trade in 1949, the outlook is still less encouraging in subsequent years when, as a Special Correspondent has emphasised in a series of articles concluded on a later page this week, the steps which the United States may be expected to take to fend off a slump are calculated to react very adversely on this country among others. Referring to shortages of raw materials—notably steel—as a limiting factor in production, Mr. Wilson made the disquieting suggestion that defence requirements might absorb more scarce materials needed for export industries. Such a possibility obviously exists if the Government acquiesces in a policy which would give priority to rearmament at the expense of economic recovery; but the latest estimate of export prospects surely reinforces the conclusion that we can by no manner of means afford such a policy at all.

The Development Areas

The White Paper on the Development of Industry gives an encouraging interim report on one of the Government's most successful planning experiments. In the six scheduled areas, 250,000 more people are now at work than in 1939; 400,000 more than in 1937; and no less than 800,000 more than in 1932, when about 40 per cent. of the insured population was out of work. Very largely, of course, this is due to full employment in the capital goods industries as a whole. But the 443 new factories started in the Development Areas since the war are already giving work to 32,000 people; and, when the programme is completed, 185,000 more jobs will have been provided by the other factories still to be constructed. Some critics will no doubt argue that the diversion of so much building labour and materials to the development of what are for the most part light consumer industries catering for the home market, and operating in some cases at an artificially high level of costs, is wasteful at a time when the prime need is for capital goods for export. But this objection misses the whole point of the Government's plan. One of the main evils of the inter-war period was the continuous drift of light industry into London and the Midlands and the increasing vulnerability to chronic unemployment of old industrial areas exclusively devoted to heavy industry. It is no use arguing, as the *Manchester Guardian* did last week, that the Government should suspend new building in the Development Areas and so push labour into the export industries. We should know by now that labour—not only because of housing difficulties, but through a stubborn desire not to leave home—does not behave like a fluid, gravitating naturally towards work. On the contrary, work has to be brought to the place where labour is available. One aim of the present scheme is deliberately to redress the balance by insuring that the small amount of new light industry at present permitted should be located not in London but in the Development Areas. An outlay of £25 millions by the Government to assist in this task does not seem excessive. We trust that it will go ahead with its programme, not only in the six areas originally scheduled, but in Merseyside and in the portion of the Highlands now scheduled for development through hydro-electric power.

The Coal Board's Structure

The National Coal Board will be making a bad mistake if it holds up publication of the Burrows Report on its methods of organisation for any length of time. No complaint need be made if the Board delays only long enough to attach its own comments to the Burrows proposals—provided that it does this with reasonable speed. But the organisation of the coal industry under public ownership is not a matter that concerns only the N.C.B. and the N.U.M. It is a matter of vital interest to everyone who is concerned with working out the best models for the conduct of nationalised industries and services, as well as to every miner and every mine official. Possibly one reason for delay in publishing the Report is that the N.C.B. is at present engaged on a somewhat critical series of negotiations with the N.U.M. about its share of responsibility for the efficient working of the industry, especially in relation to absenteeism and the fixing of higher output stints where new labour-saving machinery is being installed. These discussions involve the whole question of the right use of joint consultative machinery at the various levels, and are closely connected with the problems of organisation on the management side. They are insoluble unless the N.U.M. is really prepared, on reasonable terms, to throw its full weight on the side of higher production; and that, of course, means that the Communists in the N.U.M. must agree to co-operate in the output drive.

Our Overseas Advisers

The Anglo-American discussions on the means of raising efficiency in British industry have now begun. If some of the Americans are still under the delusion that all the faults of British plants can be cured by installing American methods, it will be necessary, from the British side, to point out to them once again that there has been not a little experience in this country of American methods under American managers, and that in most cases the results, in terms of production per man-hour, have not been very different from those of British firms working with British managers. If they argue that, in that case, the fault must lie with the British workman, it can be answered that British workmen in America have assuredly not proved themselves inferior to native American workmen. If they then blame either the British trade unions or the greater amount of Government intervention in British industry, they will need to be told that we intend to run our country in our own democratic way, and that our notion of democracy does not include the right of the capitalist, in the name of "private enterprise," to ride roughshod over everybody else. If, on the other hand, the Americans behave sensibly, recognising the differences between the underlying conditions of production here and in the United States, there is no reason why we should not learn a lot from them. We trust that is how this curious experiment in psychological Marshall Aid will work out.

PARLIAMENT: The Last Round

Wednesday

THE Commons, crowded on the ropes "below the Bar," stared at the Peers and Peeresses as though they were Things. "What's that?" said one Labour Member to another, pointing to a noble figure in miniver. "That," he replied, "is old George in the uniform of a retired Trade Union organiser." Elementary mistakes of this kind didn't interfere with the general pleasure at the bravery of crimson and velvet and diamonds that marked the opening of the new Session.

Did some of the Peers regard this display as an assertion of their dignity against the Commons' attempt to humble them? Were some of the Peeresses determined to go down, if they must, with tiaras flashing? Whatever the motives of those who took part, the revival of Parliament's pageantry was a suitable introduction to a session which will see some of the briskest in-fighting for many years. It was, perhaps, appropriate that Lord Douglas, former chief of Fighter Command, should have seconded the Lords' motion on the Address. In uniform with *aiguillettes pendantes*, he registered the fact that Labour will not yield to the Tories—neither in *décor* nor in natural splendour.

When the House re-assembled in the afternoon, the Speaker gave the melancholy news that the Deputy Chairman of Ways and Means, Captain Beaumont, had resigned owing to ill-health. The spokesmen of all the Parties, including the Prime Minister, whose personal recovery was cheered, regretted that they would hear no more his amiable and impartial voice from the Chair. Then, somewhere a gong sounded, and the Government and the Opposition came out of their corners for the last round, like battered heavy-weights, who have been freshened up, advised and encouraged in the interval.

When Bowden and West, the Mover and Seconder of the Motion on the Address, were speaking, Churchill sat silent, brooding and absorbed. Bowden made a composed and impressive speech on the danger of war. West followed him with a mature and forceful speech on the need to nationalise iron and steel. He posed, in effect, the question whether the iron and steel industry should be judged by the prosperity of its shareholders during the last ten years of war and war-preparation, or by the effect on its workers and on the price of steel of its pre-war restrictionist policy.

Though the Motion on the Address is traditionally uncontroversial, Eden, following West's sharp challenge, made the forthright declaration that the Tories, if returned to power, would feel themselves free to repeal Labour legislation on iron and steel. Eden's speech suffered from the memory, still fresh in the House, of Oliver Stanley's banter of the Government on a similar occasion during the Short Session. But the iron and steel men aren't interested in Parliamentary courtesies. They are fighting for their Keep; and they want to see the Tory front bench fighting too. Having chosen iron and steel as their election platform, the Tories are now at one with the industrialists.

The Prime Minister, ending the day's business, began quietly. He hadn't gone far before Churchill showed an interest in some other matters likely to be of electoral concern to the Tories. Had the Prime Minister agreed at the Commonwealth Conference to decisions which would affect the King's title? What was the Government doing about Ireland and Southern Ireland's decision to sever the connection with the Crown? The Prime Minister, stimulated by his questions, which he promptly dealt with, then had a short and successful colloquy with Churchill on the question of iron and steel.

What's all this, he asked in effect, about the Bill breaking harmony, or being wrong in its timing? Would the Opposition support it at any other time? Or in its absence would there be greater agreement on other Government measures? When Churchill said about the Bill, "It's the wrong thing to do and the wrong time to do it," the Prime Minister had no difficulty in establishing by inference that the only thing wrong with the timing of the Bill from a Tory point of view, was that it permitted nationalisation of iron and steel to become law in the lifetime of this Parliament.

MAURICE EDELMAN

LIBEL AND SLANDER

THE laws of libel and slander should protect good citizens from false and malicious accusations, not knaves and swindlers from exposure and public obloquy. No one in this country wants so to weaken the law of defamation that newspapers should be enabled to hound reputable public men to suicide as the Fascist paper *Gringoire* did in pre-war France. One of the best safeguards of decency in public life is to ensure that no man's private past is raked up to ruin his public reputation. There should be limits to the extent to which, by ingenious smear campaigns, newspapers or politicians are able to destroy their political opponents. Public men must be exposed to criticism more than their fellows, and must put up with much that is unfair. But even they are entitled to reasonable protection. As for the private citizen, no one who has urged reform of the law of libel desires to encourage invasions of privacy or to permit personal vendettas under the guise of newspaper stunts.

The Committee on the Law of Defamation, which was set up ten years ago and which has now reported, rightly takes for granted this duty of protection, and summarises the complaints made against the existing law under six heads. The law is attacked as being unnecessarily complex, unduly costly, and so uncertain in its application that no one can guess the results of an action or its expense. Further, editors, journalists and authors say that the law as it stands to-day "tends to stifle discussion" of matters which ought to be discussed, bears too severely on a defendant who has had no intention to defame, and gives opportunities to gold-digging plaintiffs and shyster lawyers. This is a fair enough summary of the chief complaints. The question is how far the Committee has been able to suggest adequate remedies,

The cost, uncertainty and complexity of the present law are shocking. It is because the law is so expensive, uncertain and complex that a considerable sum is paid every year by newspapers in settlement of cases which are known both by the newspaper and by the plaintiff to be either fraudulent or trivial. Sometimes, of course, attempts to extort money because of a coincidence of name or for some other trumped-up reason are obviously bluff. We recall receiving a solemn letter from a firm of lawyers on behalf of a client, who complained because a comic and indecorous character of his name had featured in a mathematical problem in our competition page. Newspapers could all tell of similar absurdities and of others which were mere "try-ons." But they could also cite examples of legal threats in which it was easier and probably less expensive to pay £50 or £100 on demand rather than to employ solicitors and counsel to defend a case which was clearly not serious, but which conceivably might be lost on a technicality, and which, even if won, might involve costs greater than the sum paid in what is virtually a form of blackmail.

In so far as such cases can be classified as "unintentional," the Committee makes an important proposal. If the Committee's findings become law, it will be sufficient in the case of unintentional libel for the newspaper to publish a correction; if the correction is not accepted, readiness to publish it will constitute a defence in court. But the newspaper will have to show that in publishing an unintentional libel, it took "reasonable care" to ascertain the facts—a provision which is in principle sound enough, but which may prove very difficult to define in practice. Where nothing but a coincidence of names is involved, a prominent and speedy correction will be adequate. The proof of reasonable care in ascertaining the facts will be crucial, and it is unfortunate that the Committee has not been able to agree whether the onus of proof should fall on the newspaper or the plaintiff. This proposal would, however, certainly keep out of Court some obviously unintentional libels and make it easier for papers and authors to avoid paying nuisance money to dubious complainants. Mr. Bill Smith, who complains that somebody has identified him with another, and criminal, Bill Smith in a newspaper story will be less likely to make his complaint if a few lines in the newspaper stating that no reference to him was intended is legally all the redress to which he is entitled.

Unfortunately, the costs, complexity and uncertainty of the law have more important results than to harass newspapers when they accidentally lay themselves open to trivial complaints. They also gravely hamper the press and the publisher whose desire is to expose a public scandal or to attack a swindler. The expenses of the law are not only great; they are incalculable. We wish that the Committee had given their reason for summarily dismissing the proposal that legal costs should not be imposed greater than the damages awarded. It does, however, make a useful suggestion as to procedure when it recommends that some costly and time-wasting interlocutories which are now customary in libel cases are unnecessary and should be abolished. It also proposes that the Appeal Court should have power to reduce damages where the jury has obviously been too severe. The financial risks of libel, however, are the costs rather than the damages, fantastic though these have been in some notorious cases. On this general question of legal expense the Committee make no pronouncement, as the problem, which affects not only libel, but the whole administration of law in this country, is being investigated by another Committee.

In dealing with the complexity of libel law, which now baffles anyone but a lawyer experienced in this particular branch of his profession, the Committee make a few minor proposals, one of which at least may be important. They reject (with two dissentients) the proposal to follow the logical Scottish practice in which libel and slander are legally on all fours; they hold that the results of removing from the English law the need to prove special damage in actions for slander would be to encourage unnecessary litigation, though they admit that in Scotland this has not been the result. Surprisingly, they do not discuss the much more far-reaching proposal that special damage should be necessary when an applicant seeks pecuniary compensation in the case of libel. They suggest some changes in the category of slanders which are actionable *per se*, and they very properly agree that defamation by the B.B.C., whether scripted or not, should come into the category of libel. Another valuable proposal in the Report is that the proceedings of local Councils and various other public bodies should be subject to partially privileged reporting.

Much more important is a recommendation to ease the path of the defendant who, in pleading justification or "fair comment," may now lose his case through some perhaps trivial inaccuracy, even though it does not substantially affect the substance of the allegation. To-day a newspaper, which wishes to expose a fraud or state a demand for an inquiry into some financial malpractice, is likely to hesitate to do so because if, in the course of its allegations, some detail, which in the nature of things cannot be substantiated before inquiry, is incorrectly stated, the case will be lost in the Courts even though the allegations themselves are fully justified. If the Committee's proposals become law, a newspaper that alleges that Mr. Blackmarketeer has committed fraud in London, Newcastle, Carlisle and Edinburgh, will not lose its case because, though otherwise justified, it cannot press home its charge in the case of Carlisle. Any relaxation in the excessive rigidity of the law of libel as it has evolved in the Courts is to be welcomed. This proposal, for instance, would go some way towards meeting the difficulties of a newspaper which in one case

we can think of sustained its defence in the substantive part of the alleged libel, but was held to have failed on account of words which distinguished counsel had advised were not even capable of a defamatory meaning.

The Report does not, and perhaps could not, suggest any remedy for the central defect that no counsel, however experienced, can prophesy with any degree of assurance what comment will be held by judge or jury to come within the limits of fair comment. A newspaper, let us say, unearths some dubious project by a company promoter of questionable reputation. How far can it go in its praiseworthy desire to protect the innocent and gullible investor? Can it use the deterrent term "swindle," or must it take refuge in some vaguer and, for the purpose in view, less efficacious phrase, such as "a highly speculative investment unsuitable for widows and clergymen"? Or again, can a literary critic take the risk of describing a book as "pornographic"—assuming that he honestly holds this opinion—without fear of being mulcted for heavy damages on the ground that he libellously imputed to the author corrupt motives? The incalculable odds are by no means removed from the libel lottery by the Committee's recommendations; but they are, as far as they go, valuable. We hope that the customary period of twenty years does not elapse between the publication of this Report and legislation action.

SOCIALIST STOCKTAKING

II.—CLASS-CONSCIOUSNESS

[This is the second article of a series in which a Labour M.P. analyses the theory and practice of current British Socialism.]

SHOULD the Labour Party remain a working-class Party, with a few middle-class hangers-on, or should it rid itself of its traditional class-consciousness and become a "national" Party? Who is right in his approach? Mr. Morrison, with his stress on consolidation and his desire to win the middle classes? Or Mr. Bevan and Mr. Shinwell?

These questions are usually posed in terms of electoral strategy; and certainly the answers given to them will influence the vote in scores of marginal constituencies. Labour organisers, anxious about the apathy of the traditional working-class vote, are easily tempted to rally the industrial areas by an old-fashioned class-war appeal. They can argue that a large section of the Tory vote still consisted in 1945 of trade unionists; and it is possibly true that, if every industrial and agricultural worker voted Labour in 1950—and persuaded his wife to do so also—this would be enough to ensure a parliamentary majority. On the other hand, there are a large number of constituencies, now held by Labour with small majorities, where the switch of the middle-class vote, given to Socialist candidates last time, would be fatal. The argument is nicely balanced and the most obvious danger is that, unable to settle it, the Party will make both appeals simultaneously, so that each cancels the other out.

But this dispute cannot be settled on the level of electoral strategy. Politicians often pretend to themselves that they are calculating campaigners, ready, tongue in cheek, to repeat the vote-catching phrases. But when they get on the platform, they usually reveal what they mean, or at least what they feel. Mr. Morrison and Mr. Bevan are not arguing about votes but about doctrine; and electoral statistics are only introduced to support preconceived theories of the class-structure. Mr. Bevan is a Marxist in the sense that he still thinks—at least on the platform—in terms of the class-struggle, and talks of Socialism as though it meant the transfer of power to the working classes of Ebbw Vale. Mr. Morrison, looking at the dormitory constituencies of London, regards this attitude as outmoded. Which is right?

Perhaps the best way to approach the problem is to ask ourselves what sort of analysis Karl Marx himself would make if he had to write *Das Kapital* a hundred years later. What are the power relations between the classes today?

Whatever the position elsewhere, it is obvious enough that the crude Marxist analysis no longer bears much relation to the class structure in Britain. There is no proletariat today with nothing to lose but its chains; and, even by the greatest stretch of the imagination, the State cannot be described as the executive committee of the bourgeoisie. A hundred years of working-class organisation and social reform have overcome many of the inherent contradictions which Marx discovered, and have so radically transformed British capitalism that a new terminology is now necessary to describe it scientifically. *Measured in terms not of wealth but of economic power*—that is, according to the Marxist definition of class—society is now divided not horizontally into one class with power and wealth and another class with neither, but vertically into contending pressure groups, each claiming a larger share of the diminished national wealth. Even in America, John L. Lewis exploits the shareholders at least as much as they exploit the workers.

The growth in the bargaining power of trade unions and professional organisations has been enhanced by the separation of power and ownership on the capitalist side. The shareholder as such has a decreasing influence on policy, which is more and more determined by "management." A similar development has occurred in Government. Less and less does Parliament control in detail the operations of the vast machinery of the Social Welfare State. In this respect the industrial monopoly and the National Board are part of a single process by which executive power is passing into the hands of a new managerial class. These salaried administrators, both in public and private enterprise, are neither "slaves of the profit motive" nor yet the secret dictators which Mr. Burnham would make them, but a new class with its own professional ideology and its own economic interests, which are by no means necessarily identical with those of the *rentier* and the capitalist.

This transformation of the power-relations between the classes has been concealed in Britain, more perhaps than in any other country, by two factors. In the first place, despite death duties, great wealth is still concentrated in a very few hands. If all the surtax payers were deprived by the next budget of all their income, the Chancellor would receive something less than a third of the present revenue from the tobacco duty. But if in 1947 there had been 100 per cent. death duties, the revenue would have totalled over £600,000,000, and a third of it would have been contributed by one-third of one per cent. of those liable to death duties. Faced with these facts, the class-conscious worker is easily persuaded that Marx' theory of the class war is still true. It is, if "class war" means merely a struggle between pressure groups about the distribution of the national wealth. What has changed is not the distribution of property, but the distribution of power. The capitalist class is now so weak and divided that the Labour Government could tackle the problem of inherited wealth simply by increasing the rate of death duties, without any serious resistance.

The second factor which has obscured the real situation is the obstinate survival of social class-divisions. The politically conscious worker who studies Marx, or, for that matter, the University student who goes Communist, is emotionally stirred by the language of the class war, because he confuses the division of social classes and the maldistribution of wealth, which still persist, with the Marxist analysis of economic power, which has been largely superseded. The skilled engineer, now possesses effective power, if he is prepared to use it. But he still *feels* inferior to the local bank manager, even though the latter has lost nearly all the authority he possessed a hundred years ago. The coal miner, though a member of the most powerful pressure group in the whole country—not excluding the F.B.I.—still assumes himself to be a member of a dispossessed proletariat. On the other hand, the small trader—hemmed in on one side by trade associations and on the other by Government restrictions—retains his feeling of superiority to the manual workers, and fails to realize that he has done very well out of Socialist full employment. While the class war, in the strict sense, has been transformed into a "polygon of pressure-groups," class-consciousness has been scarcely affected by this revolution. Indeed it has taken the place of religion as the opium of the people, blinding the worker, the shopkeeper and the "salariat" to their real identity of economic interest.

This rigidity of the social system is, of course, intensified by educational privilege. Our peculiar pyramid of secondary education, from its base in the Grammar School to its apex in Oxford and Cambridge, is the single biggest factor in keeping alive the myth of working-class impotence long after the reality has vanished. Through its agency the appearance of a horizontal division between the ruler and the ruled is maintained and is now beginning to eat away the solidarity of the working-class movement. One son of a class-conscious Socialist engineer may go to the Grammar School and thence into the draughtsman's office in his father's factory. He is now middle-class and can only return to his family and to the local Labour Party—as an intellectual. Another son goes to the "Tech." and thence to the toolroom, where, as a class-conscious worker, he reads Marx and joins the C.P. "because the Labour Party seems so bourgeois." Paradoxically enough, educational reform is actually intensifying class-consciousness. It will end by destroying the Labour Movement itself, unless a single system of primary education up to the age of twelve or thirteen is introduced as a first step towards bringing the public schools within the reach of all. Only when the "gentry" have to send their children to the village school will its deficiences be remedied and equality of opportunity be anything else than an empty phrase.

Looking at Britain in 1948, Marx would probably tell the Marxists that class warfare inside our social system has became a fiscal and psychological problem; and class-consciousness, in the sense he preached it, so far from opening the eyes of the British worker to the reality of power, blinds him to the power he in fact possesses. The Marxist—or rather the Leninist—analysis is still relevant to the relations between ourselves and the colonial peoples; indeed it is probably the truest description of power relations in the Middle East or China. But in domestic affairs, orthodox Marxist teaching, so far from developing political consciousness, frustrates it. Those who preach class-war today are rationalising either a social inferiority complex or, in the case of intellectuals, a personal conflict with parental authority.

The brilliant analysis of 1848 has become a perverse myth in 1948, which blinds its addicts to the historic achievements of the Labour Movement. Liberalism civilised power politics into parliamentary democracy. Now Socialism has begun the job of civilising economic power in the same sort of way, not by transferring it from one class to another, but by persuading the contending pressure groups to co-operate under a planned economy. It can and must complete the process, (i), by explaining to the Labour Movement what power it has already achieved; (ii) by eradicating class-priviledge in the educational system; and (iii) by a fiscal attack on the concentration of capital.

And what about electoral strategy? Class-war, which used to be the most powerful motive of social reform, has now become an instrument of reaction, dividing the "useful" people whom Socialism must unite. It is the frustrated middle classes who now, under Lord Woolton's propaganda, are becoming class-conscious, while the younger "workers" are beginning to dislike being addressed as such and prefer to think of themselves as equal citizens. To segregate one class from another by specialised appeals is simply to play the enemy's game. Those who do so betray an unconscious failure to recognise the

achievements of British Socialism. The Labour Party's task is to explain to the useful people of all social classes why and how their usefulness and their security are impossible without the planning and State ownership which it preaches. In spreading this gospel it will not only be following sound electoral tactics for marginal constituencies, but teaching the industrial worker, on whose support it so largely relies, to recognise both his new power and his new responsibility.

IRELAND—ETERNAL AND EXTERNAL

ETERNAL is the fact that the human creature born in Ireland and brought up in its air is Irish. Whatever variety of mongrel he or she may derive from, British or Iberian, Pict or Scot, Dane or Saxon, Down or Kerry, Hittite or Philistine: Ireland acclimatises them all. I have lived for twenty years in Ireland and for seventy-two in England; but the twenty came first; and in Britain I am still a foreigner and shall die one.

External is harder to define; and until Mr. Costello bounced it into the headlines the other day it meant nothing for me except house repairs that the landlord and not the tenant has to pay for. When I was born, Ireland was governed by Dublin Castle and by grand juries of Protestant country gentlemen. They were as Irish as Irish could be, though the figure-head was Queen Victoria, an Englishwoman married to a consort then frequently alluded to in *Reynolds Newspaper* as a pudding-faced German. The royal pair were represented in Ireland by a British Lord Lieutenant. But he too was an Irish institution; and when his term of office expired his wife wept publicly in her open carriage as she drove through the streets from the city in which she was an Irish queen to the foggy neighbouring island where she was a nobody.

Not that this intense Irishness meant Irish unity. Irish faction to the verge of civil war, and sometimes over it, never ceased for a moment. North and South, Protestant and Catholic, Republican and Vice-Royalist, each holding the other to be eternally damned, were irreconcilable. Mr. St. John Ervine's Fabian political apprenticeship in London could not wash out of him the Orange dye of his native Belfast. He can hardly write the words Southern Ireland without spitting as my Orange maternal grandfather used to spit when he uttered the word Papist. But call Mr. Ervine an Englishman and he will knock you down.

This grandfather, by the way, living midway between north and south, had a sister who was a Catholic Abbess.

Such is the eternal Ireland. Certain English historians, and even some Irish Gaelic Leaguers, have tried to steal Swift and Berkeley, Sheridan and Yeats (to say nothing of myself) as Anglo-Irish. There never was any such species as Anglo-Irish; and there never will be. It is hard to make Englishmen understand this, because America can change an Englishman into a Yankee before his boots are worn out. But America has never changed an Irishman. I am not for a moment implying that this is not greatly to the Englishman's credit: I am only stating an ethnological fact. Nor when I add that the Irish leave Hitler and Houston Chamberlain nowhere in their conviction that the Irish are The Chosen Race am I defending that illusion. I can only say that it exists, and that I share it in spite of reason and commonsense.

Now as to external relations. I am by birth a British subject. I have always so described myself when applying for passports, though I never stood up nor took my hat off while the English national anthem was being played until Ireland became a so-called Irish Free State. I am also a registered citizen of my native Ireland. When Mr. Costello shot out of the blue his intention to abolish external relations, a wild hope arose in me that as a citizen of Nowhere I might be able to escape taxation Anywhere. This would not matter to me in Ireland, where I have municipalised my property and pay no taxes. But in England, where I am being beggared by surtaxes called Capital Levies to humbug the Labour Left (which ought to know better) my citizenship is all important.

Why on earth has the question been raised? We were getting along quite comfortably as citizens of the Commonwealth. To me it seemed that Mr. Costello and his Coalition were anxious to show that they were even more Irish, more Nationalist, more Anti-Partition than Mr. de Valera, and could think of nothing else that would do the trick than knocking off the Crown. As the King will be more comfortable in his bowler hat, I do not think he will greatly care provided he can still sell me up if I do not pay British taxes. Beyond this I can make neither head nor tail of the move.

As to Partition, I have always held that when the Labour Movement is fully developed in Ireland, the manufacturers and ship-builders of the North, finding themselves, like all plutocratic regimes, unable to carry on without the support of a predominant agricultural Catholic vote, will themselves join up with Eire.

Partition saved Mr. de Valera's neutrality in the war; for without it England would have had to re-occupy Ireland from the east, and the U.S.A. invade it from the west. The possession by these allied and irresistible Powers of bases in Northern Ireland saved the situation for once; but if it recurs and finds Ireland an independent Republic right in the fairway and open to enemy invasion, a British reconquest will be inevitable. Such independence was Roger Casement's aim; and England promptly hanged him for it. He hoped that the jealousies of the Powers would secure the neutrality of Ireland, as it had so long secured the neutrality of the Netherlands; but that is now a forlorn hope. As the Conference of Prime Ministers has just declared unanimously for arming to the teeth, some Anglo-Irish link must be contrived, were it only to confer Commonwealth citizenship on the Irish as privileged lunatics. So I shall not bother myself about it. I shall not even say "I told you so" when the trick is done.

G. B. S.

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A LONDON DIARY

THIS is the first Presidential campaign I recall in which no sporting effort has been made to pretend that both Republican and Democratic candidates have a good chance of winning. True, it is said that Truman has gained ground lately, and that much of the "dormant" vote is shown by the poll to be Democratic. But that won't help if it remains dormant, and everyone agrees that the Republicans are certain of victory in California, Illinois, Pennsylvania and New York, which is the same thing as saying that they are bound to win. It is still possible that the Democrats may get a majority of one or two in the Senate. Since reactionary Democrats have long been voting with the Republicans the chief interest of the senatorial fight is that, by the election or rejection of some notorious reactionaries, it may give a better indication than the Presidential election of the extent to which America has really veered to the Right. A friend writing to me from New York says that in spite of the present anti-Red hysteria, which goes to fantastic lengths, liberal sentiment is by no means dead, and that the Wallace campaign has at least had the virtue of forcing Truman to come out on the side of democratic principles. He has had to quarrel with his own reactionaries lest he should lose the larger, progressive section of his party. Reading Wallace's speeches, I find once again that he still talks more sense about social problems in general and the proper aims of man, and of Americans in particular, than any prominent politician. But he mixes this sense with a naive suggestion that you've only got to say you want to be friends with the Russians and everything will be well. The coincidence of his campaign with the anti-Red purge in the United States is a tragedy. If Wallace had not been forced into dependence on Communists (who are already showing that they have little use for him) he might have enfranchised those innumerable American progressives who have long been tired of having no choice except between Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

* * *

No American election has ever been so unfertile in wisecracks. Referring to the extreme caginess of Dewey, who has committed himself to almost nothing in the campaign, that stalwart New Dealer, Ickes, called him in a broadcast "the candidate in sneakers." Another approach to wit was a remark that if Joe Ball in Minnesota is defeated, his friend Stassen, now President of Pennsylvania State University, will find him a job as "Professor of Medieval Economics." The only really good remark I have heard lately from the United States referred to one of the most famous of all best sellers. It is said that Dewey has at last shown how to "have influence without making friends."

* * *

Reading the Labour Party's very clear and workmanlike study of Western Union, *Feet on the Ground*, I realise how much of the division of opinion on the subject is due to the time factor. Much violent antagonism to Western Union comes from the belief that the powers-that-be in America are likely to force a war upon Russia in the near future, and that Western Union is therefore only a camouflage for an armament policy which will ruin any chance of our economic independence in order to make us rather less quickly expendable in war than we should be otherwise. On the other side, the serious advocates of Western Union assume, as they must, that there will not be war in the near future and that Europe will actually be divided between a Soviet and a Western bloc. In that case the question is merely what sort of life will be lived in Western Europe. If we do not make a going concern of Western Europe, then clearly each of the countries will live poverty-stricken, separate existences, completely dependent on the United States, which will not allow them to become Communist, but which will otherwise have little interest in them except as military bases. The alternative is some genuine form of Western Union which would develop a foreign policy of its own, and gradually attain the economic independence that a federation of 200 million people could certainly achieve. Once the assumption is made that there will not be war in the next five years, but that there will be a division of Europe, the problems of Western Union cease to be academic and become practical and exciting. If Moscow changes the party-line and accepts a "spheres of interest" basis, Communists might even be anxious to make Western Union Socialist instead of capitalist! Those who wish to understand the problems involved should follow up *Feet on the Ground* by Barbara Ward's admirably written *The West at Bay* (Allen & Unwin, 12s. 6d.). I would not pretend that this book is "unbiased," but it is a remarkable fact that, in the absence of previous knowledge, no one reading it would guess that Miss Ward is a Roman Catholic.

* * *

The logic of the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia is now complete. The Czech press, which had shown excellent vitality and independence in its post-war form, has now been completely *gleichgeschaltet*. It was, of course, just because it was independent and represented so many sides of Czech opinion that the Communists could not abide it. A naive leader-writer in the *Daily Express* so misses the point that he actually uses this occasion to attack the editor of this journal for recommending to the attention of the Press Commission the post-war structure of the Czech press, which ensured that all political parties, cultural organisations and reputable people —including the redoubtable Liberal editor, Peroutka (now in exile)—had a fair chance of putting their point of view to the public. This notion of making the press a responsible "public

concern" naturally does not commend itself to the *Daily Express*, but it should really have learnt by this time that Communists always insist on a Sovietised press in any country they control, and that the fact that they take it over has nothing on earth to do with its structure before they take it over.

* * *

I am told that one night last week the new illuminations on the fountains in Trafalgar Square drew such a gigantic crowd that they had to be turned off at 10.45 p.m. This proves what J. B. Priestley is always saying, that we all have a craving for a bit of gregarious colour, and I am glad that as a result of a very special concession by the Minister of Fuel and Power—report says that it only costs £7 a night—we have been able to see the fountains all this week. And after that? I fear that if they became permanent we should take them for granted. On the other hand, I am sure that they ought not to be used only on special occasions. I suggest that they should become a regular Sunday night entertainment for Londoners.

* * *

From the photographs I have seen of the model, Birmingham's proposed new civic column does not have any special artistic merit—unless to be a few inches higher than the Nelson Column is an æsthetic qualification. Yet I am sorry that the City Council have decided for the present not to spend £43,000 on building it. So few attempts have been made to beautify this appallingly ugly town that it seems a pity to squash any move for improvement, however limited; and undoubtedly the general appearance of the new Civic Centre would have benefited. The column is intended to represent the spirit of Birmingham. At the top of it, exposed to Birmingham's constant rain, would stand a naked man. One seventy-eight-year-old woman Councillor protested: It takes two to make humanity —ought not there to be a woman up there as well? If there couldn't be a woman, she added, they had better drop the whole idea and have a reference library. Someone else sensibly remarked that if the man was supposed to be representing the spirit of Birmingham's industry, he would be wearing an overall and working at a lathe. This contention was countered by a typically aldermanic comment: "When artists are asked to present a human figure as a symbol, nine out of ten will present the figure naked. I am assuming, from the æsthetic point of view, there is every justification." But, alas, though no labour will be diverted from housing, the Council decided against the column in case the homeless would object to the luxury inherent in decoration. Not even the warning of another Councillor that, if our craftsmen are never given anything to do, there will soon be no craftsmen left, could drive out the fear of anger from Birmingham's hard-headed electorate at the municipal elections next May.

* * *

A wise woman I met the other day told me that she always arranges her holiday for October because it is the one month when you can rely on sunshine in this country. She has certainly done well this year. In my cottage garden last week-end I counted over thirty kinds of flowers that were still blooming or which had begun to bloom a second time in late October. Clematis and honeysuckle are again in flower; next year's primula and winter jasmine have kept a date with such survivors from last s umer as sweet rocket, hollyhock and Old Betsy. Aubretia and even dianthus and wallflower and snapdragon still flower along with the autumn Michaelmas daisies and chrysanthemums. The roses, of course, have all begun again. Mr. Park, however, took a poor view of the warm sunshine. He said, with positive indignation, that the frost had not been enough to hurt anything yet. "I'd have rather had this weather in the summer." "Oh, yes," I said, "so would I. But it's nice to have it now." "No," said Mr. Park, with emphasis, "it's time to begin winter now."

CRITIC

THE MOST FAVOURED NATION

In the Western Zone of Germany economic revival has begun. . . . The Western Germans are working hard to design a democratic Constitution. —The Speech from the Throne.

For Britain's Kings of industry
The Gracious Speech brings no surprise,
The mighty steel monopoly
The Government will socialise;
But while it brooks no compromise
With British firms on profit bent
It gives unanimous assent
To German private enterprise.

For Labour's Government applies
No doctrinaire philosophy—
Here private enterprise it ties,
There private enterprise is free;
And while our planners guarantee
Both countries will be prosperous,
Free enterprise is wrong for us
But right for Western Germany.

While Britain through controls will be
A socialistic paradise,
An uncontrolled economy
For Germany they authorise,
Which Britons' toil must subsidise,
The private profit to ensure
For vested interests the Ruhr
And German private enterprise.

For though the British advertise
Industrial democracy
For German traders they revise
The precepts of austerity.
The profit motive, all agree
Makes German democrats more strong;
The profit motive here is wrong,
But right for Western Germany.

Reforming German currency
The Germans we democratise,
And as they work for liberty
Their value we must recognise,
Democracy's new-found allies,
If we should be involved in strife
To save the western way of life
And German private enterprise.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

I hope that before Christmas they will have decided on the next stage, how to adapt their timeless, Conservative philosophy to the ever-changing needs of the present day . . . It is, of course, essential that the attitude should be *gracefully* maintained, and opportunities for doing this will be given, particularly during the social at St. Margaret's Hall and the hockey matches.—*Oxford Tory*. (Patricia Pitman.)

Until recently the admission of domestic workers from abroad was confined to female applicants; this restriction has been relaxed and we have extended our activities accordingly . . . The term "girl" now stands for any type of applicant regardless of sex.—Extract from Employment Agency circular. (E. Pakenham.)

The address is Nos. 1 and 2 The Quadrangle—named after the quads by an inspired Sodbury Council.—*Star*. (N. S. Brommelle.)

The National Spinsters' Pensions Association has protested to Minister James Griffiths against paying 3d. a week National Insurance maternity benefit until the age of 60.—*Sunday Express*. (Mrs. E. Richter.)

I am expecting my first baby in two months from now. We have a little kitten which I am always playing with, but friends tell me I should not, or my baby will be hairy. Is this true?—*Woman's Pictorial*. (David Kendall.)

THE U.S. AND THE WORLD—III.

[In the two preceding articles of this series a Special Correspondent, analysing economic relations between the U.S.A. and the rest of the world, concluded that, in order to fend off economic depression, the U.S.A. would adopt remedial measures which would probably have adverse reactions elsewhere.]

THE conclusion has been reached that prospects for the Western world differ in several vital ways from the generally accepted version. The United States, agreed by its own authorities to be running grave danger of slump in the near future, will probably postpone its crisis—at least for a time. None of the remedial methods she is likely to use, however, appear compatible with the overall recovery of Western Europe. It is here, and not in the United States, that the first fissures in the structure of confidence, credit and economic harmony must be expected.

The problem before the Labour Government, if this be true, is not (as many had thought) to cushion the British economy from the worst effects of an American slump. The task now is different. It is to refashion the economic relationship of this country to America in such a way as to defer, and if possible arrest, the economic crisis on *this* side of the Atlantic. And what is true for Britain, of course, is true for France, Italy and other West European Countries. The nations of Western Union need to act together with a point and urgency far greater than on any other matter. To oppose no resistance to American economic proposals in Europe and the European oversea territories is, at this stage, to invite an early and contagious crisis throughout a significant portion of the Western world.

How far can such resistance be practical and realistic? Can the Americans be persuaded to regulate the natural workings of a free-enterprise economy swollen with unprecedented profits, and to modify their counter-slump action, in such a manner as to spare European recovery? Clearly, things are no longer what they were in 1945, when the British at least were in a far stronger position. The failure since then to construct a neutral "third area" in North-western Europe has delivered Britain and her neighbours into something near political bondage. A Western bloc framed upon the lines of the Brussels Pact and secret consultations between joint military staffs could mean merely an extension of American strategic influence, and contribute nothing towards European recovery. The new Europe which forward-looking people desire—strong, independent, above all, self-confident—can spring only from a genuinely indigenous and voluntary effort. It will elude our grasp so long as it remains limited economically to the nations of the West.

To-day we are far behind the starting-point for real European recovery. To reach it we must engage upon a preliminary phase of readjustment in which the gradual deterioration since 1945 can be made good. Our present engagements with America and our evident need for dollar aid in some form or other, our commitment (as it seems) to reflect American defence policy—these are facts which cannot be burked. They limit the scope of economic adjustment. They make it extremely hard to dissuade the Americans from following intra-Western economic policies which can lead to nothing but intra-Western crisis. They do not obscure the ideal —which includes the full and unrestricted use of British bargaining-power in the West as well as the East, a diplomacy aimed at strengthening democratic Socialism in countries such as France and Italy, and a steadfast refusal to embark on any rearmament programme incompatible with economic recovery—but they make it more difficult to reach this ideal.

Perhaps the greatest failure of the Labour Government will seem in the eyes of our grandchildren to have rested in its misjudgment of Britain's comparative strength. Alone among the medium-sized countries which are sandwiched between the two giants of this post-war world, Britain

could offer prizes in alliance or neutrality (whether commercial, political or military) which neither Moscow nor Washington could have possibly ignored. Instead of getting as much as she could from both, Britain under the Labour Government largely accepted the Tory thesis that American help could be had only on terms wholly acceptable to the U.S., that any *rapprochement* with Eastern Europe would frighten America back into isolation (surely a fundamental misunderstanding of the American position since 1945), and that British interests lay in siding completely and confessedly with the West against the East. With that decision Britain's bargaining power was gravely compromised. Sure of the vital British alliance, Washington could drive whatever bargain suited it best.

The time has come to call a halt to this surrender of unique positions, and to recognise that the Americans to-day need us as much as (and in some respects, perhaps, even more than) we need them. The first step lies in halting British rearmament; we cannot afford it, whether with or without renewed Lend-Lease. Diversion to rearmament of raw materials and manpower are so obviously disastrous to the whole conception of British recovery that this need scarcely be argued. Even to accept, as the British Government has now done, "a little rearmament" is dangerous, for it is the thin end of the wedge that counts. The arms we have already are not, comparatively, a little: what we are now proposing to add is far too much.

The second direction for diplomacy lies in widening British connections with the Soviet Union and the East European group. This has two aspects: intra-European trade and agreement over Germany. On the significance of the first of these, it may be enough to quote briefly from the Economic Commission for Europe:

> If the group of eight countries [Central and East European, not including the U.S.S.R.] could attain the levels of productivity of the former East German provinces, their aggregate production of bread grains would rise by some 12 million tons—an amount that is larger than the total net imports of all the West European countries before the war. The production of coarse grains would, on this assumption, increase by some 6 million tons, or rather more than 50% of the total net imports of coarse grains of western Europe.

The E.C.E. does not think this target beyond reasonable reach. Even to go part of the way would enormously relieve the pressure on dollar purchases. One of the pre-requisites will be larger exports of capital goods from West to East. Another will be the development of some form of multilateral trading *within the European area* (for which the E.C.E. has some interesting proposals). To both of these Britain can make a contribution which, with time, careful planning and toughness, can be large. Upon both of them American objections, which will be highly vocal, will have to be resisted.

A new search for agreement on Germany would call immediately for a British alignment with France, whose feeble gestures in favour of a European policy towards Germany cry out for British reinforcement. The Russians must be shown that Western Europe is not, at least as far as Germany is concerned, *automatically* committed to every U.S. proposal, and that concessions might, after all, be worth Russia's while. The Americans will have to understand that they cannot have their own way for nothing. On a lower level this means such things as a fulfilment of the present dismantling obligations in the Ruhr (i.e., at least down to the 1936 capacity) from the existing massive war potential, expropriation of the steel and coal owners, and, if possible, more scrap for Britain and more coke for France.

At present we are standing by while the Americans rebuild a purely capitalist Germany. The least the British Government can do is to adhere to Ernest Bevin's statement to the press on April 25th, 1947:

> H.M.G. cannot allow the development of Germany, coupled with this question of reparations, in such a way that loans from outside are involved as after the last war. Then the result of it was the creation of a war potential for the second world war. Bankers in London and New York arranged a standstill agreement for Germany, and that became the foundation on which Hitler built up his war potential.

Unhappily, H.M.G. is not only allowing this to happen; it appears delighted at the splendid progress that is being made.

Other concrete points arise for economic diplomacy. If the Americans would pay a better price for British colonial raw materials (and H.M.G. control the profits of exploiting companies), there would be a better chance for higher wages and colonial peace. Some means must be sought of limiting the future competition of American-financed heavy industry in Germany and textiles in Japan. The closest watch should be kept on the new intra-ERP payments agreement, and steps taken to cancel the agreement if we find that we are passing on our hard-gained earnings to the bottomless pockets of French profiteers who do not even pay their income-tax. Additional protection will have to be found for European colonial export markets.

Much else could be said. These are measures well within the purview of a strong and realistic foreign policy in 1948. They do not go all the way: later more will be required. Even so, they will be sufficient to engender a new spirit of confidence among the people of Britain, to inject a pride and assurance into the conception of Western Europe which now it sadly misses, and, more vital than anything else, to defend the hopes of European recovery from an American economic crisis which may otherwise drag us all to ruin.

COMMUNISM IN INDONESIA

(From a Correspondent)

THE Communist coup in Indonesia has failed. It was confined to a small area round Madiun in East Java. It seems likely that the Communists had been preparing a much larger rebellion aimed at the whole Republican territory, and that the Madiun coup was premature. Certainly the small group of Communists who carried out the Madiun coup were as irresponsible as they were disloyal to the Republic. The Indonesian Communists have never been lucky in their leaders. In the early days of the Republic Tan Malaka discredited Communism by his "infantile Leftism." He himself was put in jail—he has just been released—and the Communists found it difficult to live down the results of his activities. It was easy enough to denounce him as a Trotskyist, but the Indonesian Communists decided to lie low for some time until objective conditions gave their propaganda an appeal to the people, especially to the youth and to the Trade Union Movement (S.O.B.S.I. as it is called). The protracted negotiations with the Dutch, carried out under the duress of the Dutch blockade, and the Hatta Government's slow progress in getting its Ten Year Plan under way, have caused a great deal of disillusion in the Republic. Meanwhile the Dutch, uninhibited by the fact that the subject is under discussion by Uno's Committee of Good Offices, set up one autonomous State after another in the hope of creating next February a United States of Indonesia according to their own pattern.

The political situation in Indonesia was changed overnight on August 12th by the arrival of Muso, who has spent the last 23 years in exile, mainly in Moscow. It was to ask for help in a revolution that this 50-year-old Indonesian Communist first went to Moscow. It was to instruct Indonesian Communists to organise such a revolution that he returned in August, travelling under a false name and posing as private secretary to Soeripno, the Indonesian representative who had been recalled from Prague to explain why he had signed an agreement with the Soviet Union for the exchange of Consuls with the Republic.

Muso plunged at once into reckless activity. Few of the young Indonesian Communists had ever heard of him—there wasn't even a photograph of him available—but his was the voice of the Kremlin, and "theirs not to reason why." He was present at the meeting of the Indonesian Communist Party in Jogjakarta on August 20th, and it was his influence which secured a resolution demanding the end of all political negotiations with the Dutch, the exchange of Consuls with the Soviet Union, and the formation of a "National Front" Government in which the Communists would have key positions. At this point Sjarifoeddin, one of the ablest of Indonesian leaders, and Minister of Defence for over a year in the Republican Government, announced that he had been a secret Communist since 1935. Later, he made a typical Communist "confession" that he had once taken 25,000 guilders from the Dutch for underground activities "because the Comintern had proposed to co-operate with the colonial Powers in the struggle against Fascism." "My policy in the past has been wrong," confessed Sjarifoeddin, "and as a Communist I should have been consistent; I should not have compromised with the enemy. I promise that in the future I shall not make any more mistakes."

It was mainly the popularity of Sjarifoeddin that made the next step relatively easy. The Socialist Party, the Labour Party, the Socialist Youth and S.O.B.S.I. were merged with the Communist Party into a "National Front." The Communist hierarchy was purified and a Politbureau set up which included Muso, but not Sjarifoeddin, who was placed in charge of military affairs. The Communists then invited the Masjumi Party and the Republican Nationalist Party to join the "National Front." They refused. The next step shows how effectively Muso had done his work. This Communist High Priest laid down the line that Indonesia must not co-operate with "Imperialist Powers." He complained that the Indonesian Communists had shown "reformist" tendencies and had committed the unforgiveable sin of looking to the Western democracies for assistance. Henceforth they must follow in the master's footsteps, toe his line and learn to use military and police power in the interests of the revolution.

Their first adventure in this new political lineup was the Madiun coup. When the Communist invitation to join the National Front was turned down, Muso, Soeripno and Sjarifoeddin all left for Madiun in East Java. On their arrival on September 8th, Muso violently attacked the Republican Government for their "pro-American attitude," calling President Soekarno and Premier Hatta "tools of America." Ten days later, he and his faithful few boldly staged a coup and, with a number of armed followers, seized the city. Wildly revolutionary appeals were made to the bewildered Indonesians.

The Dutch made a clumsy gesture when they offered help to Premier Hatta to suppress his colleagues of yesterday. Premier Hatta knew perfectly well that the Dutch were only trying to exploit his difficulties; he replied that he had no need for this new strange ally, and at once introduced an emergency Bill empowering the President to take measures "outside the law and standing regulations." Sutan Sjahrir, former Republican Premier, said that if the Republican Army in East Java was affected by the Communist coup, there was a possibility of civil war in the Republic. If the army was not affected, there was a good chance that the Republic's authority would soon be restored.

The rebel forces in Madiun were estimated at 3,000 to 4,000 well-armed men. But Republican army units in Madiun declared their loyalty to the Soekarno Government, whilst mass meetings in surrounding places also passed resolutions of support. The rebel administration set up in Madiun continued its appeal to the people to support their "National Front Government." Farmers, labourers and young people who demonstrated in its favour carried banners with such slogans as "Away with the National Bourgeoisie," whilst Sjarifoeddin told the people the old, old

story that this was not a Communist Government, and that their action was only "corrective" to the Republican Government.

The "revolution" was short-lived. By the end of the month, Republican troops had reoccupied Madiun. The Communist coup had failed. It had none of those popular roots without which, as any sound Marxist should know, no revolution can succeed. If some Communists who escaped to the hills now attempt guerilla warfare they will again meet with failure. At the moment rumour runs riot. Reports, not yet confirmed, suggest that Sjarifoeddin has again seen the error of his ways and that he is on the way to Jogjakarta; others state that he was killed by his own followers, who were not in favour of surrender.

One thing is clear: the Communists have undoubtedly lost a great deal of support by the willingness of their leaders to follow the interests of Moscow rather than those of their own Nationalist movement. Since 1945 the Communist Party was given every opportunity of pulling its weight in the Republican cause, but when they chose the present Moscow line of violence in South-East Asia, the Republican Government had no alternative but to answer them with force. Had the revolt succeeded, the Dutch would have had an irresistible excuse for embarking once again on the "police action" that was suspended while the Committee of Good Offices wandered backwards and forwards between Batavia and Jogjakarta. Indeed, during the early summer months the slow progress of negotiations with the Dutch and the rumours of renewed military operations were among the chief causes of frustration which aided the Communists. The Republican Ministry of Information put it this way:

> The persistent blockade and malevolent agitation by the Dutch against the Republic internationally, coupled with Dutch acts of aggression against the Republican organisation within Dutch-occupied areas of Indonesia have created favourable circumstances for the reception of Communist agitation within the Republic, or to be exact, for the reception of agitation from a section of some political parties all claiming the Communist ideology.

The Republican Government has strengthened its own position as the result of the Communist coup. Many organisations, previously looking towards the Communists for leadership, have now declared their loyalty to the Soekarno Government. Moreover, the Dutch can no longer use the argument that the Government is Communist as an excuse for delaying negotiations and continuing the blockade. If they are wise at this late hour, they will support the Committee of Good Offices in its long-drawn-out efforts to find a settlement. It is reported that Mr. Merle Cochran, the American member of that Committee, has submitted proposals based on the Renville Agreement signed last January and containing some of the points of the Australian-American proposals which misfired last September. The Indonesians, on their side, have expressed their willingness to consider any proposal which might end the impasse, but in view of the present situation in the country, they have made a number of reservations. They demand that the Dutch Government should withdraw its order expelling Republican officials from Batavia, that they give back the Republican buildings in Batavia, and that the members of the Republican delegation should be guaranteed diplomatic immunity in Batavia and in Dutch-occupied territories.

These are reasonable proposals. That they should be made is a reflection of the tension which has developed inside the Republic. It is not yet too late for the Dutch to learn that they will be doing their own country a good service, as well as easing the present situation throughout Indonesia, if they now make thoroughly justifiable concessions to Republican demands. Although the Communists in Indonesia undoubtedly overplayed their hands at Madiun and are at present under a cloud in the Republic, the conditions for Communism will remain as long as the Dutch maintain a die-hard attitude. Whether or not the Communists can win back the support of the people and rebuild their party depends far more on the Hague than on Moscow.

A MAN OF TASTE

He had not been five minutes in the woman's company before he was saying to himself, "This is easy! By God, this is the easiest thing I've struck!"

He sat in one corner of the first-class compartment smiling at her with insolent boldness. She smiled back and he felt quite jumpy with excitement. Quite a pretty woman in her way, too! Thirty-five? Forty? It was hard to say. He liked the calm way she gazed back into his eyes and he liked the loose, lazy droop of her lips. But she had class, that was the main thing! He could see it by the expensive leather suitcase on the rack over her head. (Cost twenty quid if it cost a penny! He knew those cases.) Her clothes were class, that little shiny brooch thing over her left breast was class, those dinky little shoes were class. Not only that, she smelt expensive. That perfume didn't come out of any half-dollar bottle. Make no mistake about it, the girl was right off the top shelf and she liked him! She hadn't snubbed him the way they usually do. She had accepted one of his cigarettes and told him, Yes, she was going down to Rackett Bay for a short holiday and, more than that (those grey eyes were saying): It's all right Go ahead!

He hoped a ticket-inspector would not come along. But at the worst he would have to fork out the difference between third- and first-class fare, and hell! It was worth it. There he was, off for a week's spree on his lonesome at Rackett Bay and the very first thing to happen to him was the green light. His own suitcase stood in the corridor and he hoped she would not notice it. It was only fibre. He had picked it up cheap. If she should tackle him and say, "That's a pretty poor suitcase you've got there, isn't it?" he would admit the fact openly and frankly. Always paid to speak the truth to this cut of woman. There was nothing they hated more than pose.

She was very forthcoming, too, that was another thing he liked about her. No false reticence. I'm game, he was telling her as openly as he dared, but what he wanted to say more than anything was that she had struck lucky. He was a gentleman, he knew how to order a bottle of wine and although you might not have thought it that suitcase of his *did* contain a dinner jacket.

He told her straight out he was staying at an ordinary boarding-house. It was more fun. The queer people you met! Ordinarily, you would never get the chance to talk to such people, tradesmen's wives and the like. This was the way he looked at it—it was a damn shame one half of the world didn't know how the other half lived.

She would appreciate the way he said that, he thought. Women like her were always pleased to know their menfolk hit it off with the lower classes. He's no snob, she would be saying to herself, but then the real gentry never are.

He was glad to know that she had fixed up to stay at the Lesley. That was a posh place! At least, he supposed it was. He had never been inside but he remembered what it looked like. There was a tower with a Union Jack on top and there was a revolving door. Through one of the windows you could see into the dining room where all the tables were laid for dinner. The Lesley was not in what you would call the smartest part of the town but that was sometimes the way with really swagger hotels. Nevertheless, he wished she had fixed up to stay at the Crichton or the Moberley. They were the real thing and no doubt about it! Mean to say, if she was staying in one of those places he would know just where he was.

It was no accident when they met on the front the following morning. There was never anything like it. The affair went like a rick on fire. She was wearing a real model suit under her transparent raincoat—he could tell it was a model at a glance—and he was glad he had put on the hand-sewn brogues even though they did pinch his feet. After they had taken a turn up as far as the miniature golf course and back they found a shelter (it was beginning to rain) where she said, very directly and honestly, "Look, how far do you want to go?" He knew she was not referring to their morning walk and replied, "All the way, darling." He grinned but, make no mistake, she had given him a bit of a shock. She had taken his breath away and only a woman of class could have done that. She nodded briskly. "Then that's O.K.," she said and they went and had lunch on the pier. By now the dizziness was passing and he realised that he admired her more than ever. She met men on their own terms. She was real high bred.

"Where?" she said, as they put pennies in the slot-machines. That was the trouble about late holidays, all this rain making the countryside so wet. "Funny thing," he said, "I've never seen the inside of that Lesley place," and he would have gone on to ask why she was not staying at the Crichton or the Moberley but that he thought, Well, maybe the Lesley is the real posh place after all and she'll only look down on me for not knowing it.

The moment she said oh dear no, that was right out of the question, nothing would now satisfy him but to persuade her different. "You mustn't imagine," she had said, "that I've ever done anything like this in my life before," and he had replied, "No, of course not, darling, and neither have I," so it would have looked a bit funny if he had made one or two suggestions about the usual procedure. He admired her for being stubborn and knowing her own mind because that was a sure sign of breeding. But he really did want to see the inside of the Lesley and it made him think there were times when high society manners were a bit of a hindrance. Mean to say, there was such a thing as a sense of proportion. Yet she would not even let him put on his dinner jacket and come in for an innocent meal one evening because, she said, a woman had to think of her reputation.

He hated to think he was beginning to look small in her eyes. All this talk about wet grass and rheumatism and the way there was no privacy at all in the boarding house especially the weather being what it was and all those lower class folk not able to go down to the beach—well, he knew this sounded like excuses and if there was anything a woman could not stand at a time like this it was excuses. Course, he was dead sure of her. He could make her jump through the hoop just when he wanted (but not where, that was the curse!) or he would never have taken the risk. But he was dead set on busting into the Lesley—she had her own cussedness to blame for that—and he thought he would work her up to the great sacrifice by getting her to talk about the place, how much they charged, if there was more than one wine waiter in the restaurant, how many kinds of attendants came running when you pressed the buttons in your room, were there telephones in the bathrooms and were they any titled people staying there just at the moment?

But she answered these questions shorter and shorter and she grew sulkier and sulkier. What the hell, he wanted to say, they're broadminded in a place like the Lesley, aren't they? It wasn't like one of those bed-and-breakfast dumps where they still thought we were living in the dark ages or Queen Victoria was still on the throne. There was such a thing as tact, though, and when they had tea in the Beach Pavilion he let her pay for both of them. She still had her pride and he wanted her to know how much he respected her because of it. Give him the credit, he knew how to handle her. He knew that she could not do without him, really, and after tea he began trying it on, saying that maybe he would go back to his boarding house for a quiet read. He had to chuckle the way she flamed up and said he could go to hell if he liked, for that was a sure sign. Anyway, they went to the pictures and when they came out it was dark. She was getting so im-

patient she wouldn't even let him touch her because, she said, it might start her screaming with—well, you know what, she said, and Oh well! We only live once and all that hotel people care about was money and she'd got enough of that, thank God!

He did not say a word between the cinema and the hotel because there was no need. You never knew with the high-strung women. One little word might put you in the wrong right at the last minute. It would break his heart if she were to do the dirty on him, say she had changed her mind and he could not come to the Lesley after all. He was anxious right up to the front steps. If she let him down he might do something drastic because, make no mistake about it, he could turn real nasty when he was crossed. But bless her! She was as true as you make 'em and the way she took him in through the revolving door she might have owned the place or he was her husband.

But while she was getting the keys he took a look round. He got the shock of his life! The Lesley was a fake! No wonder it was in a bum part of the town. He had to hand it to them for making it look so swagger from the outside but once you stepped through that revolving door if you'd got any real culture you'd have your luggage taken out immediately. In one corner of the hall there was a dog asleep in a basket, the carpet in front of the receptionist's desk was quite threadbare, the head-waiter leaned up against the door of the restaurant openly picking his teeth and the place reeked with the smell of boiled cabbage.

Here! He wanted to say to her, what d'you mean by bringing me to a dump like this? He was quite miserable with disappointment but if she noticed the expression on his face she said nothing about it. When they went up in the lift she smiled at him so sweetly that he began to feel sorry for her. After all, she had never cracked on that the Lesley was a posh place and if you looked at it from one point of view the disappointment was partly his own fault. He was in a position where he could afford to be generous. But when they got out of the lift and were walking quickly along the passage he happened to look back and saw the lift attendant with a grin on his face. Their eyes met, the lift attendant gave an approving nod, a leer and a heavy wink. Then he closed the gates and sank out of sight. This was the last straw. No doubt about it, the Lesley stank!

"What the hell's come over you?" she asked when they had reached her room and he was taking a good look round, tut-tutting to himself. If these people charged more than half-a-guinea for bed and breakfast they were robbers. It was no better than his own room in the boarding-house.

"Well?" she said, and this was quite another question although it might have sounded the same.

"All right, all right," he said quietly, but make no mistake about it, she had properly messed up his holiday.

P. H. NEWBY

VISIT TO BARCELONA

THE Barcelonese cab-driver, who had lured me into his cab by false promises, swore gloomily, as of habit, as he drove off with a third of the exorbitant fare he had demanded. The Fascist refugee from Italy, who had lost a leg in the Spanish war, went on playing chess with the Jewish refugee from Nazi oppression, in the Pension overlooking the Rambla. And the Señora at the cash-desk went on counting her money. I sauntered forth into the streets of Barcelona, and felt again the pervasive apathy, like a thick blanket, enveloping me, that I had encountered ever since I crossed the border. Only here in Barcelona it was more stifling: it was as if a giant Meccano had somehow managed to run on, regardless of the fact that its motor inside had long since gone dead. After ten years of the Franco régime the inhabitants of Barcelona were as polite towards a foreigner as any dictator could desire. But the assiduous application of the twin screws of Church and State have left their mark. The tired, listless, underfed *limpia-bota* crouches at "superior" feet and mechanically applies blacking and polish. His anti-Franco sentiments find expression in a few whispered words (it is surprising how many Spaniards will trust a complete foreigner). And there it rests. The régime is well guarded by the omnipresent security police.

In the fiercely whistling, enormous and uncomfortable Spanish train, my third-class companion, a staunch Republican worker, seemed dead until our muttered conversation touched upon the one forbidden subject—politics. Then he came to life; yet I gained, as always, the impression that nothing happens, bar forms of passive resistance. His sister, for instance, widowed in the Civil War (her husband was shot by Franco's Moors), will not re-marry, so as to keep her son away from military service. The ranks of the Falange were very depleted, he assured me; few hearts really beat for Franco. But he shrugged his shoulders in reply to my question whether the Monarchists would be any better. "All a farce," he said. "Monarchism would just be a change of name, that is all. It wouldn't improve the conditions of the working-class."

By the harbour you find darkest Africa. Streets too narrow and dank to let a ray of sun filter through, houses so decrepit and insanitary that they should long since have been condemned. By day the whole quarter becomes a fly-specked market, with its attendant one-armed or one-legged beggars—victims of the Civil War. At night the streets turn into one vast brothel. Yet, a few yards away, through a shadowy archway leading out on to the glittering Rambla, lies one of Barcelona's many police stations, proclaiming "*Todo por la Patria.*" But all that happens is that Franco's police, in pairs, occasionally strut through the port district.

The bookstalls on the Ramblas are worth a study in themselves. There is Kravchenko's *I Chose Freedom*, next to the *Last Days of Hitler*; there is Koestler's *The Yoghi and the Commissar*, elbowing the *Diary of Count Ciano*; there are books by Emil Ludwig, Somerset Maugham, André Maurois and G. K. Chesterton. (The cover-design of Father Brown, you would say, can scarcely meet the approval of the dignified hierarchy of the Spanish Church.) There are specimens of the foreign press—mostly the extreme Right Wing. The cinemas show American films and also the anti-German films of the new Italy, such as *Vivere in Pace*. It is as if a minute safety valve of a huge machine ready to burst had been opened . . . but the police see to it that nothing happens.

Except, of course, the black market. It is not as openly visible to the foreigner as that of Rome, but it thrives underground. On frontier-bound trains the Guardia Civil search third-class passengers for contraband, whilst a young Franco soldier, travelling in the opposite direction, proudly displays a "black" loaf of dazzling whiteness. Franco has been unable to eliminate the black market, nor has Spanish Fascism made the trains run on time. It has not even that apologia to offer.

ELEANOR EAGLE

FATHER AND CHILD

I am the dragon of apocalypse
the man-devouring ogre of old loss
and I am God, with justice-making lips,
holy protector of the albatross.

I am the Delphic knower of the self
waiting upon the riddle none dare ask
I am the blood-sign on the kitchen shelf
the giver of the undeciphered task.

Atlas my shadow thrown in indian ink
indelible upon the bedroom wall
nor from my forms of godhead may I shrink
lest the child wake to see the rooftree fall.

The nightlight pulses hour by windy hour
and I, still wrestling the unreconciled,
conjure the deeps of love to overpower
in me, the nightmares of the sleeping child.

HUBERT NICHOLSON

The Arts and Entertainment

RADIO NOTES

MR. JOHN RICHMOND, on the evidence of his recent work the surest and most sensitive of B.B.C. drama producers, has followed up his beautiful production of *The Family Reunion*, in which Mr. John Gielgud was quite superb as Harry, with a fascinating production of *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*. Massinger's play held the stage until the nineteenth century, and from Mr. Richmond's production it was not difficult to see why. Clumsy though the handling of the plot is, the story itself is good. Massinger's characterisation is excellently three-dimensional; that glorious villian Sir Giles Overreach, a most interesting attempt on Massinger's part to translate the ruthless Italian Renaissance man into terms of Nottinghamshire homespun, inevitably dominates, but the play is by no means a one-man show. In Mr. Stanley Groome's careful and discreet adaptation it made very good broadcasting material. The acting was on a high level, though I quarrelled with Mr. Hugh Griffith's interpretation of Overreach: "Sir Giles, that's both a lion and a fox," was made to appear almost wholly leonine; Mr. Griffith's rendering found no room for the fox. Then—a more serious criticism—the verse-structure of the play was almost wholly lost; I very much doubt whether the listener who did not know the play beforehand would have gathered that what the actors were speaking was verse. True, Massinger's blank verse is not Shakespeare's, but it is verse all the same, in Coleridge's opinion "a better model for dramatists in general to imitate than Shakespeare's . . . the nearest approach to the language of real life at all compatible with a fixed metre." It seems that English actors are now lost when called upon to speak any dramatic verse outside Shakespeare's and Mr. Eliot's. I hope Mr. Richmond and Mr. Groome will unearth more Elizabethan plays for us: though I hope that in future such productions may be prefaced with introductory talks for the benefit of the millions of listeners whose acquaintance with drama begins with Shaw.

For Miss Marjorie Bank's *Window on Italy* I have only praise; in these programmes of recorded snapshots of life in Europe to-day Miss Banks and her collaborator Mr. Edward Ward never put a foot wrong. *Window on Europe* was presented, unpretentiously, as a tourist's impressions; but it was much more than that. The surface that the holiday-maker sees was beautifully caught, but so was the Italy behind the resorts, the masterpieces and the ancient monuments, the poverty-stricken, overcrowded Italy which so many of its inhabitants want to leave. It was a brilliant and moving programme; and how splendid the singing was, whether grand opera or a choir of Genoese working men singing folk songs.

In the dramatisation of the history of science, of medical science in particular, Mrs. Nesta Pain is indefatigable. I am not always at ease with her work because it often seems to me to fall, perhaps inevitably, between the two stools of dramatic presentation and the straight talk. *Hypnotism*, however, I thought a wholly successful programme of its kind: a series of dramatised episodes in the history of hypnosis as a factor in healing from the time of Mesmer, culminating in a lucid exposition, by Professor Kennedy, of the part played by hypnosis in psychological medicine to-day. Particularly good was the episode illustrating the value of hypnosis in a case of conversion hysteria.

The report of the judges on the recent Third Programme competition for the best continuation of Miss Austen's *Sanditon* turned out to be a very solemn occasion indeed: one was back in Big School, at Speech Day, waiting to hear the results of the Special English prize. It was all a little too solemn, in the end rather a bore. The next time the Third Programme organises a competition for the best ending of an unfinished work (*Edwin Drood? Bouvard et Pécuchet? Weir of Hermiston?*) I hope the prizes will be presented off-stage.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Guinea Pig," at the Carlton
"No Room at the Inn," at Warners

While good plays rarely make the best films (our experience despite *Day of Wrath* and *Enrico IV*), they introduce qualities in which the cinema is notoriously lacking. Genuine dialogue in the first place: no play could limp along with the casual introductions, smart snatches, emotional fade-outs, and unleavened love patter that make us close our ears to the average film. The screen provides as a rule not dialogue but talk, and breakfast-table talk at that. Second quality—dramatic point; which implies a higher organisation than the mere working up of a plot or unravelling of a tale. Third quality—implicit in the other two: tight characterisation, providing opportunities for the actor. Few would deny that without those important qualities the "talkie" is liable to live down to its name.

The Guinea Pig and *No Room at the Inn* follow closely on *The Winslow Boy* among English films that at least not unworthily translate from theatre to screen. The first indeed seems to me an enjoyable and skilful piece, needing only rather sharper edges to make it stand out from the mists of old-boy legend. Too much tact has gone to this handling of the clash between council boy and public school, and our sympathies are so evenly divided between the two that a happy, not to say misty, solution becomes inevitable. Everyone comes round in the end, the improved scholarship boy, the father who shakes his head over the whole idea, the housemaster who disapproves, Saintbury with its Henry VIII foundation, the public-school tradition, the Fleming report, and presumably the front and back stalls in the audience. The dancing at the founders' day ball is interrupted by an announcement that the new war memorial shall take the form of more scholarships for poorer boys: a not very likely scene that comes only too pat to celluloid. Altogether tears are wrung, and bells rung, pretty heartily because our hero, son of a small tobacconist, is going on to Cambridge. He wouldn't dream any longer of whistling at girls from a school window, though the instinct (one hopes) is still there. Mr. Richard Attenborough brings to the part a dogged but amenable Cockney charm, which is spoilt (if at all) by the fact that as a new boy he has a trifle lacked newness.

The whole film—charmingly set, it would appear, at Sherborne—persuades rather than convinces; the conflict is genuine enough, the types satisfy, but only at rare moments do we feel the true rough and smooth of public school life, involving barbarisms and refinements of which there is here only a faint, padded echo. Among a well-chosen cast Mr. Cecil Trouncer as a conservative housemaster adds a solid sincerity to trenchancy of speech. Production and direction are by the Boulting Brothers, who have gained in efficiency, though not in imaginative daring, since the days when they surprised with their film version of another and better play—*Thunder Rock*.

Far less expert a specimen of its class is *No Room at the Inn*. The direction of Daniel Birt is uncertain, the outdoor sets smack of the studio, and the plight of the evacuee children does not move us as it might; but still this is a film with some unusual merits. First there is Miss Freda Jackson, scaring the skin off one's nose as the gin-drinking, wheedling, man-accommodating widow who for seven bob a week will take in any homeless child. This character is elevated to positively Dickensian heights of terror: a performance to put beside that of Mr. Alec Guinness in *Oliver Twist*. I seemed to detect, too, in the racy fairy-tale told at night in the big bed, the fancy of Mr. Dylan Thomas, who had a hand in the dialogue. And the children, by fits and starts, not only act but come to life.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE OPERA

"Simone Boccanegra," at Sadler's Wells

Since that stirring night in June, 1945, when Sadler's Wells first performed *Peter Grimes*, nothing has happened in any London opera house of comparable musical importance to the same theatre's new production of Verdi's *Simone Boccanegra*, on which I hope to comment next week; for in England, except to a few isolated Verdi enthusiasts and scholars, *Boccanegra* is absolutely unknown ground.

How miserably shrunken is the opera repertory of these days. To judge from the programmes of the last three years, during which an unprecedented quantity of opera has been given in London, anyone might suppose that some four and a half centuries of incessant composition all over Europe had left us with a residuum of about twelve stage-worthy pieces. Let us imagine a similar attitude applied to the plays of Shakespeare. Three or four rival Old Vics would be interminably producing *The Merchant of Venice*, *Julius Cæsar* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, very often giving the same play on the same night, while *Measure for Measure*, *King Lear* and both parts of *Henry IV* remained totally unknown to the playgoer; indeed, to make the parallel more exact, we ought to assume that texts of Shakespeare were almost inaccessible and that the average playgoer was unable to read. Now *Rigoletto* is not unlike *The Merchant of Venice* in its cast-iron theatrical qualities, its comparative lack of subtlety and the irresistible appeal made by its spectacular leading roles to the performer's ambition; *Simone Boccanegra*, on the other hand, may fairly be compared to *Measure for Measure*: imperfect masterpieces both, of the kind that needs devoted team-work and unhurried, intelligent preparation. Some fifteen years ago, the Old Vic gave us a *Measure for Measure* which turned out to be one of the memorable Shakespearean productions of our time; and the care and enthusiasm lavished on this *Simone Boccanegra* encourages us to hope for a similar result at Sadler's Wells.

Boccanegra deserves to be known and loved. Of all the less familiar Verdi scores, it is the most consistently splendid in musical invention; a confused libretto cannot excuse us for ignoring riches such as these. No work of immaturity, even in its original shape (1857), it was thoroughly revised and entirely rescored as late as 1881, when Verdi was 68: that is, ten years after *Aïda* and only six years before *Otello*. More than once, notably in the entirely new Council Chamber scene, a stylistic foretaste of *Otello* takes us by surprise—and yet what could be more natural? The tenor of the new production was Tamagno (the original Otello); the title role was sung by Victor Maurel (the first Iago and Falstaff); and the libretto was recast (in the very middle of his work on *Otello*) by Boito himself—unwillingly, it must be added, for he despaired of reducing Piave's muddle to order and evidently lost interest in his thankless task. The composer, for his part, by no means lost interest. Ever since its initial failure, he had cherished a particular affection for his *Boccanegra*, not only because so much of his finest music lay buried in the score, but also because of its connection with Genoa, a city always dear to Verdi. Even in its first version, the score is filled with effects of texture and orchestral colour prompted by his vision of a great expanse of ocean spread out beneath the terraces of those noble Genoese palaces which are now mostly reduced to rubble; and in his old age he used all his new harmonic and orchestral powers to enhance these impressions of airy spaciousness filled with quivering, reflected light. The prelude to the first act (after the prologue) is impressionistic, almost Debussyan; few things are more magically evocative than the soft, sparkling, radiant accompaniment to the big soprano aria which opens the act; and few things more moving than the later scene when the poisoned Doge turns to the window to breathe for the last time the cool, salt sea-breeze, while the music falls into a softly lapping rhythm and a flute maintains for a dozen bars a trill in its lowest octave. Much as we may love *Rigoletto*, there is nothing in the earlier opera to equal the delicate art of such pages as these.

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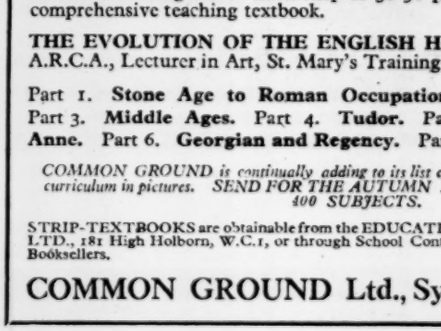

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THE THEATRE

"The Way of the World," at the New Theatre

The Old Vic's production of *The Way of the World* has been so thoroughly (and justifiably) slanged that there is no need to add salt to the wounds of those concerned with it. And, though one might have expected them to make a better showing, this ought to be said: Classical comedy acting cannot be picked up for the wishing in four weeks' rehearsals; it is a special form and requires special training. In France an equivalent part to that of Millamant would be taken by a young actress who had been trained in the Comédie-Française, perhaps since childhood. In England two generations ago, any young lady aspiring to the role would have apprenticed herself to one of the stock companies which acted nothing else but high comedy year in and year out. There she would have learned to wear clothes, and to move and to speak in the proper way; for the traditions had been handed down alive from generation to generation in these companies. Where, in England in the last twenty-five years, could an aspirant come by such a training? There is no State theatre: with the passing of the actor-manager there are only month-to-month engagements for commercial producing companies in London (Mr. John Gielgud between the wars did something to counterbalance this): and there are the provincial repertories where a classical comedy may be produced with luck once a year. You cannot expect to conjure sparkling performances of these highly stylised plays on that basis.

Tradition and training are only the start of the story, of course; it would take a young actress of the first quality to stand up to Dame Edith Evans as Lady Wishfort. Hers is a dazzling performance which alone makes it worth while to sit through the attendant horrors at the New Theatre. Take the question of delivery alone—and, after all, Congreve's genius consists in the style and rhythm of his prose. The rest of the cast (Mr. Robert Eddison as Witwould must be excepted) seemed to be clumsily adopting some fancy-dress idiom to match their fancy-dress clothes, and were hopelessly at odds with both. They reduce the subtle brilliant rhythms to a sort of English Films version of 18th-century diction. But when Dame Edith Evans speaks, the words cascade and check, pause and then gush, straight from a living person who has always, you are convinced, spoken just so. How she confounds Dr. Johnson, who pronounced of Congreve's plays: "His characters are commonly fictitious and artificial, with very little of nature, and not much of life." This Lady Wishfort has so much of both that, laughable, ridiculous and ridiculed as she may be, she is yet not a mere figure of fun. She touches our pity as well as our laughter.

Acting of this order is a delight to watch, even if it is at the expense of the play as a play. For, with such a performance on the one side and the weakest of Millamants on the other, the balance is completely upset. In his Lectures on the English Comic Writers, Hazlitt devotes two pages to analysing Millamant as "an ideal heroine of the comedy of high life"; while Lady Wishfort is dismissed in a half a sentence, coupled with Sir Wilful, as having "a grossness . . . which is not a little amusing." Incidentally, this lecture is reprinted at the head of a recently published edition of *The Comedies of William Congreve* (John Lehmann, 8s. 6d.) which is most sensibly and informatively introduced by Norman Marshall.

T. C. WORSLEY

BALLET

International Ballet at the London Casino

If certain choreographic details in the classical ballets performed by the International Ballet surprise us by their novelty, that is not the fault of M. Sergueeff. He goes back to the pure source of Imperial Ballet orthodoxy and reproduces what was there established. But conformity should extend also in some measure to the decor and costumes, and here one feels that anarchy reigns. I do not know whether it is orthodox that a whole company swannery should accompany the bewitched Swan Queen across the backcloth; the story certainly allows it. But I am quite sure that William Chappell's pastel blues and pinks are his own uninspired innovation. And why is the Prince's Tutor, in Act I, dressed in a monk's habit over his pink tights? It gives him a very louche appearance which was probably not intended. The maskers in the opening of Act III are also rather surprising, though the colours in this act are on the whole charming. The beige outfits of the Spanish dancers are, however, rather eccentric.

The dancing in this act was much better than I have sometimes seen it but I cannot help feeling that there is something wrong from a classical standard, with the dancing of the company as a whole. Miss Mona Inglesby herself is a very good dancer, though with a violent and rather insensitive attack. She has also some good dancers in her company. But though they are not lacking in proficiency they do seem to be lacking in classical education. That the International Ballet appeals to a wide public is certain, but it is the public of Music Hall rather than of classical ballet; though I admit that in these days it is not easy to distinguish the one from the other. In any case, it is evident that this expression of opinion could not possibly cast a shadow on the audience of the London Casino.

BERYL DE ZOETE

Correspondence

THE PURGE

SIR,—Mr. Stanley Mayne, General Secretary, Institution of Professional Civil Servants, is quite rightly concerned with the Civil Service Purge, as his members are directly involved; and I agree with him when he say that, worse than the refusal of trade union representation, is the denial of any details of the charges made against the individuals.

The Prime Minister made his first statement in the House on the Purge on March 15th, 1948. He was asked by Mr. Bing:

"Will the Prime Minister give an assurance that, when anyone's reliability is in doubt, the person will be told the charge made against him, and given an opportunity to answer it?"

The Prime Minister: "Yes, certainly. It is the invariable practice, that where a person is charged he is given an opportunity to reply." (Hansard, C.1706.)

How much reliance is to be placed on the Prime Minister's word when, less than eight months later, victims of the Purge are being denied any details of the charges made against them? SIMON SPITAL

COMMUNISTS AND THE UNIONS

SIR,—Why is it that so many men standing for the highest moral values, and professing the most stringent political rectitude, often lack a sense of humour? "Honest John" Aplin, with all his other admirable qualities, is one of these. Does Mr. Aplin seriously suggest that the danger of political liquidation by the Tories, applied to the cream of our democratic Labour movement from Attlee down, perhaps, to Zilliacus, can ever be anything more real than a figment of his imagination?

I dislike our reactionaries as much as he does. But I like to remember, too, that, in the past at least, the Tories have been playing the political game according to democratic rules. 1945 furnishes the proof.

Your correspondent's childlike faith in the disinterestedness and political honesty of the Stalinist gang in our midst is pleasing in a harsh world, but somewhat pathetic all the same. I prefer to believe, with plenty of warrant, that the real danger to our democratic institutions, as well as to the solid work so far achieved by our Labour Government, stems from the Stalinists who are, in the last analysis, ruthless, unscrupulous and dishonest.

When all is said and done, democracy rests on the home. When my home is threatened by a swarm of termites attacking its rafters and woodwork, I proceed

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to exterminate the pest without the least regard to moral scruples against the taking of life or the democratic claim that the termites shall be heard in their defence before their execution.

The house of the trade unions has been so invaded and the invaders do not reason, but just gnaw away at its vitals. The first and only job of all loyal Party men and good Socialists is to save the house. The re-education of that vast, apathetic majority of which John Aplin speaks can well wait until the danger of collapse has been averted. ERNEST S. NAPIER

A.S.S.E.T. Executive Staffs, No. 1 Branch, and Delegate to A.D.C., 1948

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THE LABOUR PARTY'S DILEMMA

SIR,—Is the Labour Party for the workers or against the Communists in Europe? It cannot be both, for the overwhelming majority of the European working class, outside Switzerland, the Anglo-American zones of military occupation, and the small democracies of North-western Europe, have accepted and stuck to Communist or United Front trade union and political leadership.

To be anti-Communist on the Continent therefore, with the exceptions mentioned, means coming down on the side of the capitalists against the workers. Up to now the leadership of the Labour Party has resolved the dilemma by sacrificing the workers of Europe to its anti-Communist fanaticism. Let us look at the consequences.

In Greece, where Mr. Bevin took over Mr. Churchill's policy of intervention until most of it was taken over by the U.S.A., the wheel has come full circle. There is a reign of terror by Royalists, Fascists and collaborators, those who served the pre-war Metaxas dictatorship and worked and fought for the Nazis, against the resistance movement that fought on our side, against Greek trade unionists, Socialists, Communists, Liberals and Republicans. The working class is at starvation level and hideously oppressed. In Italy, there are nearly 3,000,000 under-employed and wholly unemployed; the real wages of the Italian workers are down to half of the pittance they received under Mussolini. Controls and rationing have gone, prices go on rising, and the rich live better than before the war. Social reforms have been dropped. Repression and attempts to split and coerce the trade unions are the answer to ever-growing working class discontent.

In coming down on the side of the capitalists and against the workers in Italy Mr. Bevin followed the American lead. The U.S. granted pre-Marshall "humanitarian" relief to Italy only on condition that the Communist and Socialist Parties, who were allied in a united front, were thrown out of the Coalition Government and kept out. The tragic plight of the Italian working class to-day is the direct outcome of this American intervention.

It was similar U.S. intervention in France that secured the exclusion of the French Communist Party from the Coalition Government, and, as Critic points out in his Diary, prevents the continual Government crises being resolved by including the Communists in a new Left-Centre Coalition. Apart from outside intervention in French internal affairs being indefensible in terms of democracy, the result in this case is to exclude from any share of power, by American veto, the Party that got the most votes in the last general election (6,000,000), has the greatest number of M.P.s in the French legislature (about one third of the whole) and represents about 80 per cent of the French working class and trade unions, including practically all the workers in the basic heavy industry unions.

It is impossible for France to recover economic health through Governments representing propertied classes whose main concern is to dodge income tax, remove controls so as to legalise their black market privileges, fight the trade unions and pull down the standard of living of the workers.

The democratic way out of France's chronic crisis would be to include the Communists in a Left-Centre Coalition Government that would, because it possessed the confidence of the workers and their trade unions, be strong enough to end the crying social evils in which post-war France is floundering. But that solution not only encounters the American veto; it must also reckon with General de Gaulle's recent announcement that, if the Communist Party were included in a Coalition, he would consider himself liberated from the restraints of legality and free to use force.

De Gaulle knows he has most of the senior officers with him and believes he can detach a large part of the Army to march against the Republic under his command. He is confident that, if and when he considers the moment ripe to do a Franco on the French Republic, the U.S. Administration and the Labour Government will back him, much as Hitler and Mussolini supported Franco.

He is probably right about Mr. Bevin. But how far will the Labour Party suffer itself to be led along this path, which has already made us play the shabby and shameful part of MacDonaldites, blacklegs and quislings with regard to the workers of Greece, Italy and France? If we go on acting toward the workers of France, Italy and Greece as though the founders of the Labour Party were not Keir Hardie, William Morris and the thousands of humble men and women who lived and fought and died for their faith in the brotherhood of the workers of all lands, but Pecksniff, Ananias, Cain and Judas Iscariot, does anyone imagine that the treachery of some of our leaders to everything for which Labour stands will not recoil on our own heads?

Our present policy of betraying the workers of Europe at the bidding of American big business is politically imbecile as well as morally vile.

In this country the Labour Party represents the overwhelming majority of the politically organised workers, and has the right to demand that working class parties in other countries acknowledge and respect our claim to be the sole authentic representatives of the British working class. But we must equally recognise and respect the right of the workers of Europe to go forward under Communist leadership wherever they so choose. In France, Italy and elsewhere they have chosen. We must resolve Labour's agonising dilemma by being for the workers everywhere and in all circumstances, on the basis of mutual respect and tolerance. K. ZILLIACUS

House of Commons.

MR. CHURCHILL'S APOLOGIA

SIR,—What future critics will say about Churchill's first volume of his war history, *The Gathering Storm*, no one can tell. I fancy it may be smiled at as a vain and garrulous effort by an aged and disappointed man to prove that everything he said or did was always right. But I only want for the moment to make two comments on it.

He begins by describing the Reparations clauses of the Treaty of Versailles as "malignant and silly." But he cannot quote anything he said in this sense at the time. Some of us did write and speak as forcibly as we could against their futility and the depths of ignorance which lay behind them. His support would have been of high value. He did not give it. He was too busy making war on the new-born Russian Republic. Of this war, which contributed disastrously to "the gathering storm" and is largely the cause of another storm buffeting us to-day, he says, by the way, not a word.

Later he denounces those who were against single-handed rearmament by Britain, and who urged that we ought rather to work hard and rapidly for "collective security through the League of Nations, Britain making its contribution along with the rest." (Mr. Attlee in the House of Commons, May 22, 1935). Yet Churchill himself was then declaring that he agreed with Mr. Attlee, Lord Cecil, and all of us who were working for that end.

He says in the book that his policy was "Arms and

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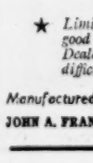

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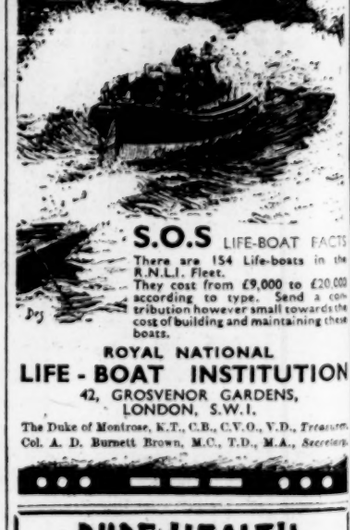

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the Covenant," hinting that this would have been successful but for the unpopularity he incurred by his sympathy with Edward VIII during the abdication crisis. That seems to me to be nonsense. He was not unpopular with the nation. But he did drop the policy, and this looks like an excuse for having done so.

He was convinced, he says, that it was on the point of succeeding at the end of 1935. Then why did he in March, 1936, addressing the Conservative M.P.'s Foreign Affairs Committee, lay most stress on the need for us to follow our tradition of preventing any Power from becoming too strong in Europe and give only a casual mention to the League? And why did he four months later plead vehemently for "raising our own strength" without any reference to the League at all?

Had he continued during peace to champion Arms and the Covenant with such vigour and determination as he showed during war, events might have followed a very different course. France, Belgium and Holland could have been made to understand that in this way alone was their security guaranteeable. The Scandinavian nations would have been freed from their fear of Germany. Russia was ready to collaborate. The United States might have swung into line.

That was Churchill's opportunity. He threw it away. HAMILTON FYFE

OKTOBERFEST, 1948

SIR,—It would be unfortunate to convey the impression that British policy and achievements in Germany have been any better than those of the Americans. In the British Zone controls were handed over to the Germans even more rapidly in certain instances; and, in the shadow cast by international difficulties, a mental attitude is gaining ground which is very similar to that of the old parties of the Right under the Weimar Republic. Military Government has tended to perpetuate the caste-ridden social patterns which Weimar did little to change. By a strange paradox, a remark attributed to Mr. Churchill at the time of the capitulation is widely quoted as an exoneration of the Nazis: "It is clear to me now that we have slaughtered the wrong pig." Far too many British officials with a sketchy German background are prepared to endorse this view.

In matters of de-Nazification, Germans in the British Zone need no longer even pretend to regard a Nazi past as a serious handicap. An extract from a recent letter addressed to me by a German professor of the highest integrity reads, " . . . In the German Universities those very professors who held positions of influence under the Nazis will soon almost all be active once more. The few professors who have worked with all their might against this development are already viewed with distrust and enmity; and, what is worse, they do not find the slightest moral support abroad."

At Bonn alone in recent months a choice selection of scholars have been categorised by their fellow-Germans as non-Nazis, with British approval. These include Professor Hans Naumann, the German medievalist, one of the foremost exponents of the Teutonic myth, who dedicated his 1933 edition of *Deutsche Dichtung der Gegenwart* to "Our leaders Adolf Hitler and Stefan George," assumed the office of Rektor and took part in the burning of books banned by the Nazis. Others are Barion, one of the few Catholic theologians to join the Party in 1933; Chudoba, Gaudozentenführer and Rektor for five years under the Nazis; and Wolfgang Schmidt, former Professor of English, who debased his scholarship to preach hatred of the English during the war. It is anticipated that Professor Obenauer, who achieved notoriety by depriving Thomas Mann of his Bonn doctorate, will also soon be eligible for reinstatement.

Can one blame the intellectuals, Left-wing or otherwise, for whom 1945 really meant liberation, if they yield to pessimism and despair? Unlike members of Military Government they cannot even resign in protest. The record of the Labour Government in our Zone fills one with as much misgiving as that of the State Department; their policy, in practice, is precisely the same. GEORGE A. KIRK

1 Buckingham Terrace, Glasgow, W.2.

AUSTRIA AND GERMANY

SIR,—Mr. A. J. P. Taylor writes of the Austrian peasant that "once he can read and write, he knows he is German." So, presumably, does the Swiss or Alsatian peasant. I have no need to tell Mr. Taylor that Austria has a long cultural and political history which is largely divorced from that of "Germany," and frequently in opposition to it. Vienna's links have always been with the South and East, and above all with the Czech lands rather than with "Germany." Admittedly this is less true of the Austrian peasant, and this may well be a contributory factor to the Vienna-country conflict. But experience has taught many, and the realisation of the Pan-German dream has undoubtedly led to its shattering.

I will not argue whether it is a "good" thing that the Austrians should be joined to Germany or not, but will merely point out that it is—short of compulsion—now a psychological impossibility. Hitler tried to make the Austrians into what many of them then wanted to be—Germans. He has made them into Austrians instead. M. O'C. WALSHE

SOVIET TACTICS AND SOCIALISM

SIR,—I may be, as Mr. Waldegrave says, an incurable romantic, and I may be peculiar in having taken seriously the Socialism of the pioneering days of my youth. The latter imputation I take as a compliment.

But the considerations which lead to my present attitude are realistic and the product of living and learning. They are, firstly, that capitalist statecraft has twice plunged us into the horror of a world war. It was permissible to think World War I an accident. But World War II proved that the thing was becoming a habit, and the glib way in which responsible people are now talking of World War III suggests that capitalism in its dotage is becoming maniacally homicidal.

Secondly, experience shows that the only way out of the capitalist impasse is by the direct, revolutionary action of the workers. As a bourgeois intellectual, I wish it were not so; but "facts are chiels that winna' ding." I have seen the bankers' ramp of '31 destroy one Labour Government; I have seen the crack of the Wall Street whip hamstring another. Wherever Socialism has won through, it has been by revolution.

Thirdly, world revolution has this advantage over world war, that you cannot wage it (or resist it) with atom bombs or bacteria, because if you do you massacre your own side as well as the other. As the present urgent danger is atomic and bacterial world war, I naturally prefer world revolution—not for romantic reasons, but on grounds realistic and selfish enough to satisfy even Mr. Waldegrave. Whether revolution would amount to civil war depends on the alignment of forces in different countries. In some (I hope in England) a mere show of force in the shape of a general strike might be enough. But even civil war could not be so "horrible beyond imagination" as the afflictions with which the thuggish defenders of "Christian civilisation" at this moment threaten mankind.

ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

53 Victoria Road, Oxford.

TOTAL WAR

SIR,—Surely your critic is wrong in suggesting that *Paisa* gives an impression of the totality of war? It tells us that Italian partisans were brave—so were Irgun and the I.R.A.; so, no doubt, are the rebels in Burma and Malaya. It tells us also that Germans are cruel, Englishmen asses and Americans wonderful; these suppositions we take with a pinch of salt according to our taste.

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A film which really gave the reality of modern war would show German *and* British airmen pulling bomb releases. It would show British *and* German children burning to death; the American over Hiroshima and the people whose eyes he made run down their faces; the Italian airmen creating out of Ethiopians that rose of bleeding flesh Mussolini's son has described. It would devote much space to the millions of persons like myself in every country who were protected and benefited by these acts without protest. Finally, it would show the politicans at Uno and elsewhere busy laying the foundations of a third war in the name (on both sides) of democracy, and would emphasise that in modern war, unlike the wars of the past, the distinctive feature is the mass slaughter of women and children on whom the future of the human race depends. JOHN ARMSTRONG

Lamorna, near Penzance, Cornwall.

EGYPT AND THE NEGEB

SIR,—Orthodox patriots will no doubt feel disappointed by the sorry showing of the troops of the allied or at least satellite (albeit somewhat recalcitrant) State of Egypt, reported in *The Times* of the 23rd October. Their disappointment will, however, be compensated by a glow of pride at the prowess of the Sudanese troops (*cf. ibid*); for, inasmuch as the Sudan is an Anglo-Egyptian condominium, H.M. Government is entitled to 50 per cent. of the glory reflected by their gallant performance. More heterodox and legalistic spirits will, however, raise the question whether the Cellophane layer of British neutrality in the Palestine situation has not been torn wide open by the very presence of these troops on the field of battle. For, on the face of it, this presence must have been impossible without the authorisation or at least connivance of H.M. Government. The situation is particularly intriguing since the whole Negeb battle originated in an attempt by the Egyptian army to cut off the Jewish settlements and thus bolster up the Gaza "Government" of the Mufti in rivalry to Abdullah, the official British protégé. It would thus appear that, as so often happens, the left hand of H.M. Government is in blissful ignorance of the policy of the right.

HORACE B. SAMUEL

THE HIGHLANDS

SIR,—There *are* resources in the Highlands which, if wisely dealt with, can halt the present depopulation and perhaps bring men back, as some came back to remote Easdale when Rollo's small engineering works, run without great capital cost but with real intelligence and good will, began to succeed. Apart even from minerals and hydro-electric power, there is a big future for forestry, especially if the Forestry Commission will be bold and start up their own forest industries. Where there is forestry and where the sheep ranches have been, partly at least, changed over to cattle, the depopulation rate is slowing down. Herring cannot, as far as we can see, be over-fished, and the fishing villages, if they will take advantage of Government grants and the Herring Industry Board's all-out fishing policy, will do well. But capital sums are needed for roads, piers, etc., and for restoring the basic soil fertility, eaten out of it for five generations.

Too much can be made of the tourist angle. It is morally bad for people and turns the Highland virtues of story telling and an unhurried rhythm of life into their linked vices of lying and laziness. They make us pretend (and make the stupider of us believe) that we prefer the Anglo-American standards demanded by most tourists (not, perhaps, Critic) to our own. I very much doubt if Critic heard any of our good music, for instance; probably all he knows are the debased and sentimentalised versions thought suitable for tourist consumption. We can do better than that. NAOMI MITCHISON

Carradale, Argyll.

THE S.C.R.

SIR,—I write as Chairman of the Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R. to answer a statement in a recently published book by Mr. Paul Winterton that the activities of this Society are "a cloak for Communist propaganda." As it is not possible to write to every reader of the book personally, may I ask for a little of your space to explain that there is no foundation whatever for the statement. The Society has nothing to do with political propaganda of any kind, and it is remarkable that in all the flood of inaccurate criticism we have seen in recent years only two persons of any importance—both M.P.s—made assertions of this sort. In both cases, after I had communicated with them, they withdrew their allegations unreservedly.

This Society was founded in 1924, and since that time has done much to create contacts between those engaged in the arts, sciences and professions here and their Soviet colleagues; a considerable part of our time is in fact devoted to meeting requests from the U.S.S.R. for information about British literature, education, painting, music, medicine and other subjects.

If any member of the public would like detailed information about our work, we shall be happy to provide it. D. N. PRITT

Chairman, S.C.R.

14 Kensington Square, London, W.8.

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS

SIR,—As I knew Alfred Douglas well during the latter part of his life (as a matter of fact he died in the house of some good friends of mine to whom I had introduced him) perhaps you will allow me to point out that your reviewer, Mr. Maurice Cranston, gives an unkind and unfair impression of his life and character in those last years. I should not have taken this amiss (for most people misinterpreted the man unless they really knew him) had not Mr. Cranston thought fit to end his review by repeating a particularly mean and wholly irrelevant story about Douglas paying a fee for the privilege of entertaining young undergraduates to tea. The story, I must confess, astonishes me because Douglas had numerous friends and acquaintances at this time of his life—both young and old, distinguished and undistinguished; and "hunger for the appreciation of the young" (your reviewer's phrase) was not, I should have said, one of his characteristics. However, whether the story is true or not, it was a mean thing to repeat it in public.

Mr. Cranston asserts that feeling himself neglected as a poet Douglas spoke with venom of his well-known contemporaries. On the contrary, he often expressed admiration of such poets as W. B. Yeats and Walter de la Mare—though it is true that he hated T. S. Eliot and the "modern" school, mainly because of the looseness of their form. For (rightly or wrongly) he believed that the discipline of rhyme and strict metre was of the very essence of good poetry. This, I think, was not entirely an aesthetic reaction, but due in part to the fact that in rigid poetic forms, such as the sonnet, Douglas found an escape from the flux and unhappiness of his own temperament. The sonnet stood to his inner life in somewhat the same relationship as the Roman Catholic Church stood to his outer: it was a support and a discipline. But your reviewer's statement that his condemnation of T. S. Eliot was due entirely to personal jealousy is petty.

Equally false are the statements that in later life Douglas was a "querulous back-number" and that editors "turned down his impossible manuscripts." In those last years he wrote a number of poems and at least (to my knowledge) two good books; and I think he might have written others but for ill-health and near-blindness. And "querulous" is not an adjective I should have applied to him: he was much too eager and passionate in his moods, which in a flash would change from anger to joy, from blank despair and depression to irrepressible high spirits, to be querulous; and his sense of fun, or more precisely of the ridiculous, was never far from him—a characteristic which enabled him to convey in the stories and reminiscences which he loved to relate a sense of the rich fantastical quality of life.

23 Pelham Crescent, S.W.7. RICHARD RUMBOLD

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

MR. E. S. TURNER, in his *Boys Will Be Boys,** has examined the origin and the development of the Victorian penny publications, widely known as the "Blood" and the "Penny Dreadful," and their survivals and counterparts in this century. The imagination boggles at the quantity, let alone the quality, of the printed words through which Mr. Turner has so devotedly burrowed to produce this completely successful and violently amusing book. The adventures of Sexton Blake alone have required to date two hundred million words. The Jack Harkaway series, embracing as it did three generations of Harkaways, cannot number much less. A single story, *Black Bess*, was nearly two and a half million words (and was written by one author), and these are only three of the multitudinous series and stories from this highly profitable form of literature. Mr. Turner gives the impression of having read and savoured every word and, though this cannot be so, the happiness of the numerous quoted passages must be due to something more than a continuously fortunate lucky-dip. His material has clearly absorbed and fascinated him and he has managed to keep his selective sense alert and his wit undulled throughout his marathon treasure-hunt.

Popular fiction in the early nineteenth century was "steeped in darkness and diablerie":

> Spectres gliding in a green phosphorescence, hags picking over the bones of charnel houses, deathsheads in closets, heirs to great estates chained in dungeons, forests stuffed with robbers and werewolves, graves creaking open in the moonlight to let the vampires out.

The rot, if rot it was, was started by Horace Walpole, Ann Radcliffe (who was admired by Goethe) and Matthew ("Monk") Lewis. Across the channel, Balzac, prudently concealed behind high-sounding pseudonyms (Lord R'hoone and Horace de Saint-Aubin), turned out hair-raising pot-boilers which even he, never given to self-criticism, referred to as "*cochonnerie littéraire.*"

> In rising spate, and at ever cheaper cost, came romances set in clammy castles in the German forests or in convents ruled by degenerate nuns who wielded the knout upon their novices. The atmosphere of them all was oppressive. Neither indoors nor outdoors was there a stirring of fresh air. In the turrets of castles censers smoked before unholy altars; no one opened a window, unless to jump from it.

The potent stuff rapidly influenced the cheap magazines and the penny parts, and, though the latter were not at first especially intended for youth, their "scalp-tingling subject-matter readily seduced the young from their lukewarm loyalty to Robinson Crusoe and Quentin Durward." By the 'forties the "penny dreadful" was well established, the publisher Edward Lloyd having "surrounded himself by a small group of writers of demoniac imagination, prodigious output and an engaging lack of scruple." Among the latter were James Rymer, the author of *Varney the Vampire or The Feast of Blood* (two hundred and twenty chapters), and Thomas Prest, possibly a relative of a Dean of Durham and certainly an ex-editor of *The Calendar of Horrors* and the creator of *Sweeney Todd*.

The origin of Sweeney Todd is doubtful. He may have been founded on Sawney Bean (*The Man-Eater of Midlothian*), who enlivened Scottish crime in the thirteenth century, or inspired by a French outbreak of cannibalism "in the first flush of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." Whatever its source, Thomas Prest pounced upon the theme and sold the subsequent story to Edward Lloyd, who published it, about 1840, with the inadequate title *The String of Pearls* (*A Romance*). The story did Trojan service both in magazines and on the stage (the victims of the barber's disappearing chair, you remember, were not only robbed and murdered but also converted into tasty pies for Mrs. Lovett's shop next door), and the story (with the pies squeamishly omitted) was even issued, by the Mellifont Press, as recently as 1936.

Prest omitted nothing. He was particularly good on the pies themselves, with the "delicious gravy that defied description" and the tenderness of their meat (it tasted like veal) and "the fat and lean so artistically mixed up." The irreverent fellow even describes the effect of the "abominable odour" of the corpses on the congregation at the nearby church of St. Dunstan's, with deaf old ladies arriving with their smelling-bottles "and other means of stifling their noses" and the bishop scampering wildly through the confirmation class so that "people found themselves confirmed almost before they knew where they were." The ingredients of Mrs. Lovett's pies are finally made known:

> How the throng of persons recoiled—what a roar of agony and dismay there was! How frightfully sick about forty lawyers' clerks became all at once, and how they spat out the gelatinous clinging portions of the rich pies they had been devouring.

"The exclamations of the consumers," Mr. Turner points out, "were strangely anti-climactic, consisting of 'Good gracious!' 'Oh, the pies!' and 'Confound it!'"

An occasional editor was able to persuade himself that he was fighting a crusade on behalf of the poor, and G. W. M. Reynolds, a Chartist sympathiser and the founder of *Reynolds Weekly Newspaper*, inserted in *The Mysteries of London* diagrams of the social order, the average annual incomes of the Sovereign, the Aristocracy and the Clergy (doing nicely at £7,500), and workhouse *menus*. These did not seriously interfere with the flow of the narrative:

> His slums were incestuous, pox-ridden hells in which pigs ate the bodies of newly-dead babes and hardened undertakers' men fainted at the sights which met their eyes. Hump-backed dwarfs, harridans and grave-robbers groped past a background of workhouses, jails, execution yards, thieves' kitchens and cemeteries.

Unstinted quantities of horrific reading-matter were what the readers wanted. They demanded no high standard of writing or editing, nor did they get it. Spelling and grammatical mistakes were thick as leaves in Vallombrosa: the illustrations were often muddled, sometimes referring to a future part and sometimes to a different story altogether: instalments ended wherever convenient, sometimes in the middle of a sentence.

Edward Lloyd prospered, acquired the *Daily Chronicle*, became a member of the Political Committee of the Reform Club, and was fortunate even in death, the newspapers and *The Times*' obituarist withholding any mention of the fantastic literary bloodstream that he had helped to swell and loose on its breathtaking way.

With the 'fifties the "penny dreadfuls" catered more obviously for boys, with titles like *Charley Wag, the Boy Burglar, Charity Joe or From Street Boy to Lord Mayor*, and *The Boys of London and New York* (printed in Wigan). With the 'sixties came a tepid sort of reaction, the publisher Edwin J. Brett affecting to see the error of his ways (he was rich by then and so could afford this self-indulgence) and turning, with the weekly *Boys of England*, to "wild and wonderful but healthy fiction." Its respectability was unquestionably established by the statement that it was "subscribed to by H.R.H. Prince Arthur, the Prince Imperial of France and Count William Bernstoff." Other publishers also saw the light and produced the *Young Gentleman's Journal, Young Gentlemen of Britain, Sons of Britannia* and *Boys of the Empire*. James Henderson (*Young Folks' Budget* and *Nuggets*) sensibly accepted a story called *The Sea Cook* and used it as a serial, renaming it *Treasure Island*.

But despite the new titles and the wholesomeness of the heroes' names (Ben Braveall, Frank Fearnot and Tom Tearaway), the penny dreadfuls were in general little changed. School stories were now appearing and in one of these the ubiquitous Jack Harkaway, recovering from an illness, has a *Young Woodley* episode, the near-cuckold being the Headmaster:

> She put her arm round his neck and kissed his forehead, while she smoothed back his curly, chestnut hair from his temples.
>
> 'How would you like to have me for a mama?' she asked.
>
> 'I would rather have you—for—for—' He hesitated.
>
> 'Well, dear, for what? Speak out,' said Mrs. Crawcour in an encouraging tone.
>
> 'I was going to say for a sweetheart, ma'am.'
>
> 'But you have one. The little girl who sent you the money is your sweetheart, is she not?'
>
> 'I like her very much, but not nearly as much as I do you, ma'am. You are so very lovely,' replied Jack.
>
> 'Am I lovely?' Mrs. Crawcour repeated, looking at her handsome and majestic figure in the glass with some satisfaction.
>
> The hot blood mounted to Jack's face and made it burn.

In 1897 came the *Boys' Own Paper*, which "may not have been strictly blood-and-thunder, but was a long way from being milk-and-water," and the crusade was continued by a freelance called Alfred Harmsworth (Lord Northcliffe in 1905), who had first written articles about bicycling and butterflies for James Henderson. Mr. Turner deals brilliantly with this success-story: *Answers* (1888), *Chips* and *Comic Cuts* (1890), the *Halfpenny Wonder* (1892), the *Halfpenny Marvel* (1893), *Boy's Friend* (1895), and the *Penny Wonder* (1912), which "was curiously old-fashioned in that its heroines were still being lashed to windmill sails or left dangling on the clappers of church bells while more progressive journals were binding them to aeroplane propellers or suspending them from airships." Lord Northcliffe disappears into the higher realms of the *Daily Mail* and *The Times*, his luck holding, like that of Edward Lloyd, to the end, his obituaries containing no reference to the fact that he was the sponsor of Sexton Blake.

With Sexton Blake there began a long line of gifted detectives. Blake himself went to both Oxford and Cambridge, met the Kaiser, refused a C.B., was nearly fired to the Moon in a rocket, could outstare cobras, and may have had a Chinese boy assistant called We-wee. Other famous sleuths were Nelson Lee (who became a schoolmaster), Dixon Brett (whose assistant was bitten by a musk-maddened tarantula), Nick Carter (who had an aeroplane, and bombs), Falcon Swift (a Cambridge triple-blue), and Martin Track, whom Mr. Turner shows dealing with indiscreet visitors to his sanctum:

> Priceless objects of art lay all around; any rash visitor who, fancying himself unobserved, picked up one of these to examine it was liable to find himself surrounded by a device resembling a giant glass cake-cover dropped from the ceiling. Through this the gipsy features of Martin Track would be seen registering disapproval.

Mr. Turner's enchanted progress includes Scientific tales, tales of Invasion (by the French in 1903, by French and Russians in 1909, and then by the Germans), Planet tales (space-ships, and the Moon found to be occupied by giant spiders fitted with electro-magnets), the *Gem* and the *Magnet* (with Billy Bunter and his agonised yells of "Yarooh!", "the number of 'o's' depending on the intensity of the anguish"), Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill Hickok (supplying handy information such as "Brandy taken till stupefaction follows is a favourite remedy for scorpion bites in Mexico"), Sport stories (in the *Champion*, with "two men slogging it out in an open cockpit in mid-air while the Richthofen Circus banked for the kill"); and so on to Dick Barton who, fathered as he is by the B.B.C., is "as much . . . a hero *sans reproche* as a hero *sans peur*."

It is an extravagantly funny book, and Mr. Turner's assiduity and zeal have been richly rewarded. His enthusiastic probings, selections and comments bring the enormous and fantastic pageant astonishingly and delightfully to life. Those were indeed the days. What a feast of gore could be had for a penny. Dreadful? Certainly. That was the point.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

**Boys Will Be Boys.* By E. S. Turner. *Michael Joseph.* 10s. 6d.

THE AGE OF DESPAIR

The Age of Anxiety. By W. H. AUDEN. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The effect produced by Mr. Auden's poem is one of desolating sadness. He might, indeed, have named it *The Age of Despair*. Anxiety, with its psychiatric associations, suggests something curable; but here no cures are offered, and palliatives are put forward only to be rejected. Here, I think, is a fundamental difference between this poem and all of Mr. Auden's earlier work. "If we want to live we'd better start at once to try"; and Mr. Auden used to indicate that we could live if only we would try intelligently. He prescribed and he diagnosed; often the diagnosis was the prescription, a sort of salutary shock. In *Spain* he concluded with the sternest of all his warnings:

> The stars are dead. The animals will not look.
> We are left alone with our day, and the time is short, and
> History to the defeated
> May say Alas, but cannot help nor pardon.

But it was impossible then to feel, however the pulse might flicker and the temperature soar, that Mr. Auden despaired of the fate of his patient. He seemed at times too frivolously light-hearted, a medicine-man rather than a doctor. In later poems, *The New Year Letter* and *For the Time Being*, when all the warnings had come horribly true, there still appeared the Micawber-like feeling that "something would turn up"—even if now it was to be something vaguer and larger, a spiritual revelation rather than a trend or a Beveridge Plan. Through all that time of productive and optimistic resilience Mr. Auden continued to be a very good, sometimes great, and always unequal poet.

In *The Age of Anxiety* all that is changed. It takes a little time to realise quite how despairing this poem is, for it is a very forbidding work, both in metre and diction, and a first reading gives one nothing except an unpleasant sensation, like that of eating an omelette made with egg-shells. On page 54, after a long discussion about human life between four people who have met casually in a New York bar, Quant (elderly widower) says to Rosetta (buyer for a big department store):

> Come, peregrine nymph, display your warm
> Euphoric flanks in their full glory
> Of liberal life; with luscious note
> Smoothly sing the softer data of an
> Unyielding universe, youth, money,
> Liquor and love; delight your shepherds
> For crazed we come and coarsened we go
> Our wobbling way: there's a white silence
> Of antiseptics and instruments
> At both ends, but a babble between
> And a shame surely.

The words "delight your shepherds" and the few lines immediately following, seem to sound a new note in Mr. Auden's work. It is as if he was standing quite suddenly blank and helpless, with no feeling other than a sag and a slump. The words "and a shame surely" have this curious sick deadness. It is never possible to predict or to understand the moment of illumination, which comes to a scientist or a poet. In the case of the scientist, we do not see the hundreds of scrapped experiments. Mr. Auden has never spared us his. Here it has taken him fifty pages of litter to tell us, in a handful of sad lines, that human beings are in a bad way, and that he no longer has the slightest idea what is to be done about it.

The four persons of the poem—the other two are Malin, a middle-aged scientist, and Emble, a young man afraid of failure—attempt to escape their plight by a search for a "prehistoric happiness." "May our luck find the Regressive road to Grandmother's House," says Rosetta; and this hideous way of putting it foreshadows the arid futility of the attempt. They are conducted on an imaginary journey of seven stages, through a landscape "bearing a symbolic resemblance to the human body." Whichever way they go, disappointment awaits them. For example, it is tempting to stop in the "hermetic gardens"—

> With their smirk ouches and sweet-smelling borders,
> To lean on the low
> Parapet of some pursive fountain . . .

But the loitering in these gardens—it is sex which is represented here—quickly calls out the form of anxiety special to each. Dionysus fails; guilt and conscience will not be silenced, the real world returns upon them more terribly as the Bar closes. Their last bid to stave off despair, by the consecrating of an improvised liaison between Emble and Rosetta, fails also.

The Age of Anxiety has already come in for some severe criticism nor is it difficult to understand why. Linguistically this is by far the least attractive poem which Mr. Auden has ever written, a desert with scarcely an oasis, with great stretches which seem pointlessly repellent, over which Mr. Auden scurries like a distracted red ant. No single passage has the felicitous memorability of his earlier work. "Arm in arm with their opposite type." The eye stops; "type" is one of those slick, smirky words, which Mr. Auden throws at us far too insensitively. "Deuce," "Lonelies," "your dish really"—there have never been so many, so offensively used, as in this poem. And they proliferate into those horrid little sequences, in which Mr. Auden parades all his old favourites, as "types," with the tired slickness of a commercial traveller who has just a few "lines." From "type" on page 54, for example, he goes on:

> Like dashing Adonis dressed to kill
> And worn Wat with his walrus moustache
> Or one by one like Wandering Jews,
> Bullet-headed bandit, broad churchman,
> Lobbyist, legatee, loud virago,
> Uncle and aunt and alien cousin . . .

and so on; and the nastiest feeling one has about these little lists is that they are simply not true; and that the man who palms them off on us is not entitled to be taken seriously, when he wishes to put a grave case. The fault, a juvenile and cock-snooking facetiousness, was there earlier, but here it quite sets one's teeth on edge:

> And Caustic Keith grows kind and silly
> Or Dainty Daisy dirties herself . . .

Apart from the language, it is difficult to believe that the intention and content of the poem justify its enormous length. It is not that Mr. Auden says very little, but that what he says is tremendously diffused. For example, the discussion on the Seven Stages of man, pages 33 to 54, seems to me almost entirely otiose; it is all personal psychologising, of the sort which Mr. Auden has done before with much greater precision and point. As verse it is remarkably unenticing, and we would be quite happy to take it all as said, or compressed into a single prose paragraph. The argument of the poem, all that which is at all fresh about it, begins with Quant's invitation to Rosetta on Page 53, and with her doubting and tentative answer. Thereafter, one feels, the poem would still have gained by compression. Its love scene, in particular, is drawn-out, facetious, and dull. It is possible to be wrong; and what we cannot doubt, I think, is that Mr. Auden intended these disagreeable effects. His teeth have chattered, and he wants ours to chatter. He has left his powerful observatory, and set himself down shivering in the wreckage like some Hiroshima victim. There is little doubt either, despite all linguistic excrescences and trivialities, of the fundamental earnestness and thoroughness with which he has set about it. It was a dangerous attempt for an artist to make, and almost certainly, in the present instance, a mistaken one. Chattering teeth do not make good poetry, even in The Age of Despair.

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THE RELIGION OF BLAKE

The Theology of William Blake. By J. G. DAVIES. *Oxford University Press.* 12s. 6d.

The title of this book raises—not to say begs—a fundamental question. It may well be that Blake is the greatest religious thinker England has produced, of a stature comparable to Boehme or Meister Eckhart. But can he be said to have a theology? In so far as he has, his hotch-potch of terms borrowed from Swedenborg, Plato and Joanna Southcott, can be excused but not defended. (Mr. Davies exonerates Blake on the grounds that the Church of England was at a low ebb when Swedenborg's New Age began.)

But does not Blake's importance lie precisely in the fact that he explored an alternative approach to the spiritual order, one which indeed seems likely to supersede theology as our knowledge of the human psyche makes it increasingly clear that reason holds good only within a limited area of the mind? Blake was the supreme irrationalist. He held that reason can know nothing of God, and is in fact the devil of our civilisation. He called Aristotle's Analytics a monkey's skeleton, and reason the "idiot questioner" who can question but can never answer. Of all the romantics, Blake had the most clear grasp of the fact that imagination conforms to an order other than, and, as he believed, higher than, that of reason; rational systems Blake denounced because they claim an authority that belongs properly to imagination, which he calls the Divine Vision.

Theology claims to be rational and objective, and there are still those who accept these claims. Mr. Davies evidently does so. But to interpret Blake's symbolism in the light of such a view is to misunderstand it. The terms may be the same—the Holy Lamb of God, Jesus the Saviour, God, Satan, Heaven and Hell; but Blake's meanings are altogether alien to Christian dogma, at all events as it is officially interpreted. Jesus is synonymous with the human imagination; Satan with the selfhood, or ego; Heaven with the rational; Hell with the irrational part of the mind. God "only Exists and Is in created beings and men." Blake's spiritual universe exists within man, and there is no evidence that he believed in any other supernatural order—none, at all events, knowable to man. He mentions the transcendental hierarchy of the theologians only to say that an external God is "an allegory of kings and nothing else," and more to the same effect.

Psychology is therefore a better clue to Blake than theology can be. Blake's "divine vision" is of the primordial images of the human mind, of the "imaginative images" as he himself said. A hundred years before Freud and Jung broached the unconscious, Blake was engaged in bringing to light many of its features. It will indeed be a long time before the new science has overtaken his vision of the "divine humanity" as he called that greater self of which the rational ego is only a part. Blake's divine vision, or divine humanity, or Jesus the Saviour, corresponds very closely with Jung's collective unconscious with its inherited pattern of archetypes.

Blake therefore takes up a position that theology can neither confirm nor disprove. For he claims to copy the "wonderful originals" which the Jewish patriarchs perceived, but which classical artists knew only indirectly. These are what Jung has called "natural symbols," and Blake perceived them by virtue of that astonishing power of imagination, or intuition, with which he was, of all English poets, the most highly endowed. Sometimes these natural symbols coincide with those of Christian dogma; sometimes they do not. But in either case the only evidence upon which they rest is their psychological reality; they are as unassailable by reason as they are independent of any of the external authorities to which theology makes its appeal.

Had Mr. Davies taken his stand on the probability that Christian theology is also ultimately derived from those same "originals," the imaginative ideas native to the human mind, he might have made an interesting comparison between Blake's reading of the archetypes with the one accepted by the Church. In so far as such a comparison is implicit in Mr. Davies's study, his essay has value. But at times the fact that he has in mind an order of things quite other than Blake's inherited system of imaginative images prevents him from recognising symbolic parallels and their significance. He notes, for example, that Blake did not appear to be concerned with the doctrine of the trinity. Here the dogmatic approach has put Mr. Davies off the scent, for in the Prophetic Books Blake writes of little else; only he happens to believe in a quaternity. Had Mr. Davies realised the parallel between the Christian trinity and the Four Zoas he might still have defended the dogma of the Church, but at least he would have shown that he understood Blake. Students of psychology will recall Jung's interesting comparison of the trinity and quaternity symbols, in which he supports the claim of the natural symbol against the dogma on much the same grounds that Blake does—that it is native to the human mind.

Orthodoxies of all kinds tend to kill discussion. If the truth is fully revealed, by the Pope, or Marx, what has the prophetic spirit with its "thus saith the Lord" to add? The orthodox are too much inclined to know better than the prophet, and from this fault Mr. Davies is not free. High Anglicanism may be a less rigid orthodoxy than Father Witcutt's Catholicism, or, indeed, Mr. Bronowski's Marxism, but it is equally beside the point, if the point is what Blake meant. What he ought to have meant is another question. But I am inclined to think that we have all of us more to learn from Blake than to teach him on spiritual matters.

By far the best chapter in this book is on Blake's ethics. Mr. Davies shows a much greater understanding of the poet's moral teaching than he does of his symbolic thought. He does full and eloquent justice to Blake's revolutionary interpretation of Jesus as the overturner of the Law, and shows no inclination, here, at all events, to set the prophet right.

KATHLEEN RAINE

LIBERAL "SOCIALISM"

Planning and the Price Mechanism. By J. E. MEADE. *Allen and Unwin.* 8s. 6d.

A number of economists have lately been giving a bewildered country and Government the benefit of their advice. Indeed their chorus reminds one of 1930–31 when Keynes, almost single-handed, opposed the apparent unanimity of his colleagues. So we have been told (and, as printing takes so long, are still being told) that there is a danger of rampaging inflation, that planning has collapsed, that commodity stocks are being exhausted, that productivity is falling and production dwindling, and consumption decreasing to a point which "excites the pity of happier countries." In the absence of statistics due to the war, the prophets of doom had an easy time. But the facts are available now and the words written even a few months ago, in anticipation of worse to come, look pretty silly. Production increased by a quarter since 1946. It is over 15 per cent. above pre-war (after the first world war, which was much less exhausting and damaging to England, a comparable level was not reached until 1936). Step by step, not without interruptions and difficulties, not without mistakes and grave dangers, we are establishing a better society which may well show to other less fortunate

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countries that the sane compromise can be arrived at.

It is extremely regrettable that economists are not applying themselves to the hard task of working out in detail how this new experiment is to be run, what mistakes are to be avoided, but indulge instead in airy generalisations and foster proposals which would be detrimental to social peace and economic progress. They complain of what they term over-full employment, and avidly scan the unemployment returns for an increase. This they claim will restore what they call the stability and flexibility of the economic system. On top of it all they assert that this policy would make all hardship unnecessary.

So far as the immediate problems of Britain are concerned, Professor Meade is no exception, though his proposals are put forward with more restraint and, of course, with much more subtlety. But he too wishes to cut investment, to eliminate subsidies (though he would soften the blow partially by increasing family allowances and old age pensions) and to institute a policy of "dear money." Then he would decontrol prices—rather tentatively when it comes to the point—but he would include rents and imported raw materials. Finally he wishes to restore the international price mechanism and hopes to achieve a balance in international payments by a depreciation of the currencies of the deficit countries.

Even if we read this short-term programme in conjunction with his longer term plans, which provide for a better distribution of the national wealth and income through a stiff capital levy, it is astonishing to note the lack of thought given to the monetary implications of this policy. It is inconceivable—unless indeed a catastrophic increase of unemployment is envisaged—that the trade unions would accept so heavy a cut in wages at the very moment when profits increased. Nor is the case for a further sharp dose of deflation made out. We have made good progress in bringing aggregate demand and supply into equilibrium mainly by a steady increase in productivity, an achievement which was not foreseen by Professor Meade in his characteristically gloomy passages about the heavy price of "planning." This process must continue; and it can only continue if disinflation is not pushed too far. This is not to imply that price mechanism should be ignored in the management of direct controls. On the contrary, controls are needed to enforce a true long-run relationship of prices which would otherwise be swamped by short-term influences. A catastrophic cumulative instability could not be avoided without them. Professor Meade, perhaps as a result of his recent practical experiences, is more than sceptical about the effectiveness of Government planning. In consequence he has exaggerated hopes for the effectiveness of "free markets." But small movements in prices do not in practice induce those subtle yet far-reaching changes in the plans of private industry which he describes so eloquently and which are supposed to re-establish balance quickly and smoothly. If the economy is not kept at a very low level of activity, explosive movements are and will remain highly probable in the absence of control.

His lack of common sense is even more clearly demonstrated by his long-term views. He hopes to establish a perfect economy by prohibiting cartels. He completely ignores the experience of the U.S. going back for more than half a century. He suggests that all industries in which this scheme would not work should be nationalised. He cannot realise the implication of this recommendation. If taken seriously, hardly any industry would remain in private hands.

Professor Meade's implied criticism of the Government is worse than unfair: the coal crisis of 1947 cannot be attributed to inflation. Food subsidies to "millionaires with no dependants" are hardly as large a proportion of the total as to justify his condemnation. The decontrol of rents would not materially benefit "ex-servicemen and women attempting to set up house." It is sad to see such obviously demagogic arguments in a book dedicated to the saving of society from the corruption of direct controls.

His treatment of "labour monopolies," the trade unions, is certainly the most removed from all reality. He suddenly realises that his "free" system would be unstable unless there were mass-unemployment or a *planned* wage policy. He plunges for the latter. We are to have, therefore, free speculative excesses and instability (mitigated only by a palpably ineffective state intervention through monetary and budgetary management) in the prices of goods and statutory wage arbitration, or the prohibition of all *national* organisation of labour. The harmony of interests by freedom of contract is not after all automatic. The power of the State is to be invoked through unemployment or statutory regulation to coerce labour to bear the main burden of any readjustment. These thoughts come queerly after earnest warnings about the grave threat implied to freedom by direct controls.

Fortunately the needs of the country are so patent that any government who would dare to implement such silly advice would be overwhelmed. We must congratulate the Labour Cabinet for having rejected the pleas of their erstwhile professional advisers, at any rate in the field of domestic economic policy. That way lies social strife and economic instability and ruin.

T. BALOGH

FOUR LIVES

Policeman on the Green. By LOUIS QUINAIN. *Methuen.* 8s. 6d.

An Apple a Day. By PHILIP GOSSE. *Cassell.* 10s. 6d.

Portrait of Jan. By DOROTHY DUNCAN. *Hale.* 12s. 6d.

Fire of Youth. By ERIC MUSPRATT. *Duckworth.* 12s. 6d.

Here are the records of four lives. As for the lives, all four are packed with incidents of the sort the Americans call "meaningful," and would combine to give posterity as good a picture of the twentieth century as any other four that come to mind, if no other records of this fulsomely annotated age survived. But as for the records, the actual books, there is a difference. Two are simple, straightforward, and full of interest. Two are pretentious and dull.

Mr. Quinain is a village policeman in, one guesses, Sussex. In this book he continues through 1944 and 1945 the annals which he began in his first book, *Country Beat*. He has good stories to tell, an acute observation, a natural sense of drama and climax, a natural good taste and style in writing. He needs no more; to read his book is a pleasure. If there are times when he is a trifle long-winded and sentimental, that only gives the book a flavour of pleasing amateurishness. One feels, all the time, that one is dealing with a village policeman with a flair for writing, not a writer turned village policeman.

What I admire most in this book is the subtle evocation of period, the placing of events in their right setting, which is midway between the timeless and the topical. Many of the characters and incidents could be drawn from the England of any time since the eighteenth century. But the occasional mention of army camps and poultry black markets, flying bombs and victory celebrations, not as brusque reminders but in necessary connection with this or that story, makes the period always relevant and never obtrusive.

Philip Gosse is a doctor of a very unorthodox sort. His book has a chapter on truants—qualified

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medical men who have wandered off into other occupations. The list includes a formidable array of writers. Dr. Gosse is a truant. In fact, he is a supertruant, for he became a doctor in order to be a truant, as the most convenient means of attaching himself to parties of explorers. He has written a rambling account of his travels, mixed up with anecdotes, wisecracks, bits of history, unusual pub names, and startling recipes, such as how to improve the taste of a dried egg omelette with a dash of Eno's Fruit Salts. In fact, you never know what you will come across next. The book is spontaneous, full of the joy of life, and delightful. If it doesn't sell as much as it deserves, that is Dr. Gosse's fault for choosing such a misleadingly dull title; for I am sure he never did the same thing on two successive days in his life.

Portrait of Jan is anything but spontaneous; it sets out with an air, which it maintains up to the last page, of being the most important book of the year and very well knowing it. It is the life story of a Czech gentleman called Jan Rieger (but this is not his real name). He has entrusted the writing of his life to a Canadian lady, Dorothy Duncan, who has done it all, bar the prologue and epilogue, in the first person, as if she were Jan. I hope this idea of writing an autobiography by proxy will not spread. Either let a man write his own story, or let somebody else write a biography of him. This book doesn't read like the life story of a European, but like the script for a Hollywood film, with a faint air of Canadian provincialism. All the ingredients are there, marshalled in the familiar way: the background of poverty, the hard work and integrity winning their way to a leading position in the banking world, the heroic war record, the scenes of dissipation in the night clubs on which Jan finally turns his back, the companionship of the pure woman whom he loved for years, and finally the adoption of a wonderful new motherland, the United States. The whole thing is phony; and the phoniness is in the writing, so it is still phony if Jan's life was really just like that and if he was sincere every minute.

Anyway, what happens in the book? Three quarters of it concerns the means by which the hero managed to rise to a leading position in banking and in the snob Bohemian glass trade—built up for American millionaires and Indian maharajahs—while getting rich in the stock exchange on the side. He is so busy with these activities that he is amazed when, during a trip to Carlsbad, his chauffeur tells him that there is trouble with the Henleinists—in May 1938. In the circumstances his reflections on the responsibilities of democracy and the tragedy of Munich, which deprived him of many business possibilities, become rather nauseating. It may be because I know some real Czechs, but, on their behalf, I found the book insulting. And somebody should tip off American and Canadian journalists that the cold war will require some more inspiring aim than the restoration of Jan to his exclusive showroom.

Finally, there is Mr. Eric Muspratt, adventurer, hobo, and one-man circus. His autobiography, according to the blurb, "is pure essence of Muspratt." I should hardly quarrel with this oracular phrase even if I knew what it meant. Mr. Muspratt's life has been so exciting that his book can't help including some good pages; but it is a dull book on the whole. This, it seems to me, is because his ideas, which are presented at great length, do not arise from his experiences, but are slapped down on top of them; so the ideas come in the form of windy, unproven generalisations, and the experiences as flat dead facts without antecedent or consequence.

On page 135 Mr. Muspratt tells us this about his own style: "Harold Nicolson, Hugh Walpole, Maurice Baring, and others had told me that my writings would find a permanent place in English literature." If this is true, it is odd.

MERVYN JONES

TROPHIES

Hunting with "The Fox." By JULES RENARD, Translated by T. W. Earp and G. W. Stonier, with 23 Lithographs by H. de Toulouse-Lautrec. *Bruno Cassirer*: *Faber*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

This is an unnecessarily confusing publication. On cover and title-page, the book is advertised as by Toulouse-Lautrec, who for that matter was not the only one to illustrate Renard's *Histoires Naturelles*, another being Bonnard. Here, all the same, beautifully translated, are fifty of Renard's brief rhapsodies about animals, the "lyrics" of some of Ravel's most sophisticated songs. The punning title given to the translation both renders the sense of the author's preface, "The Image-Hunter," and points to a conspicuous feature of Renard's prose or of Renard's attitude to his prose which he displays like so many trophies. Each of these animals, hunted without a gun as it may have been, was nevertheless "shot." Each is at once a *chose vue* and a conceit. The author's fun lay in despatching his prey with the fewest possible strokes of his pen. The shortest are in one line.

THE ADDER

What belly has dropped this ache?

THE WASP

Of course, she'll end by ruining her waist.

Some have been extended, but the first or second line was already mortal.

THE STAG

. . . . . .

Some foreign personage, I thought at first, was coming towards me with a plant on his head.

. . . . . .

Toulouse-Lautrec's lithographs, by contrast, are without fantasy. Although at times he seems to have aimed at direct illustration, as in his spider, which is indeed "a small black, bristly hand, clutching a fistful of hair," in general he has simply produced firm and truthful drawings of the same animals, one or two of them, like his pig, energetically conceived but, to my eye, surprisingly unsuccessful in execution. At any rate, they do not exist in the same world as Renard's. The writing and the drawings perhaps complement, but in immediate effect they also detract from each other.

This is Mr. Stonier's second labour of Renard translation. His first, *Poil de Carotte*, was also illustrated. What his intentions are with regard to the diaries, the plays, the other stories, I do not know. His own writing has something of the same quality as Renard's, with its insistence, its over-insistence, on the visual. His first publication was a collection of brilliant *choses vues*, which chattered together when shaken. His recent novel, *Memoirs of a Ghost*, is the nightmare of a world seen without being willed. How is it possible to find shelter behind that poor jelly, the eye? But this is unfair to Mr. Earp, who already figures in *Carrots* as one of those to whom thanks were due for advice.

I should like to know more of Renard. I feel sure that, hidden away in those vast diaries, is a personality as strange and appealing as Kafka's, though more guarded, for Kafka's intentions are displayed to the public gaze, but Renard seems to expose only his sensibility, and pure sensibility, like pure intellect, is impersonal. The prose of sensibility is an opaque prose. In it, the word masquerades as an object, whereas in fact a word is but the sign of an intention. Kafka's prose, largely derived from that of official memoranda, is perhaps the most transparent prose yet devised.

Gide idolised the early Renard. In a *Journal*

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sans Dates, he records his disillusion with a play called *La Bigote.* In *Nouveaux Prétextes,* he prints, with his own reply, a letter in which Renard protested against Gide's criticism. The point at issue is a curious one. Gide ticks Renard off for his anti-clericalism. Renard hates what he considers the clericalism of *La Porte Etroite.* Gide replies that what he really objected to was the dilution of art with any polemic and begs Renard to return to his earlier manner. Surely, all this comically masks a more radical disagreement. Of the two writers, Gide is the purposive and tendentious one, though he would think "self-fulfilment" something other than and superior to a cause that might be served by sword or pen. Poor Renard would at most be tendentious without purpose or with no purpose but to exorcise some childhood humiliation. Moreover, elsewhere in the Journals, Gide denounces an art which consists almost wholly in looking at one thing and being reminded of another, which I suppose to be what poets and their critics generally mean by "imagery."

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

BRAINS TRUST

Reflections on Our Age. Edited by DAVID HARDMAN. *Allan Wingate.* 18*s.*

Here is an example of publishing enterprise. Unesco asked some leading intellectuals from France and Britain to take part in a symposium on the international organisation of cultural activities. The invitations were accepted, and the meetings took place, but the papers turned out to be concerned with life and literature, the universe and God; seldom directly with the subject set. Now, with forewords by Mr. Stephen Spender and Mr. David Hardman, they have been collected into a handsome volume.

It cannot have been a very practical symposium, but the result is a most interesting book. Not all, but many of the papers are philosophical—or, more accurately, metaphysical. One, notably, is anti-metaphysical: Professor A. J. Ayer's. And this contribution from an English professional philosopher is by far the best in the book. It does not often happen that British intellectuals put the French to shame, but here where Ayer is sparkling, Jean-Paul Sartre is flat, where Julian Huxley is exciting, André Malraux is muddled; and so on through the list: Maurice Bowra constructive, Pierre Bertaux dull, Stephen Spender modest, Louis Aragon bitter, petty, boorish. Of English contributions, Herbert Read's is the most difficult to place. In a sense, Mr. Read is practical. But he dislikes both State and private enterprise, and having thus no use for possible alternatives, he digresses with a certain wayward charm on the hopelessness of organising things. He sees a purpose in the education of the senses. He simply denies there is any need for more museums and picture galleries. "I have seen enough," he says, as if that had anything to do with it.

Sartre is metaphysical but scarcely logical. He sums up his reflections thus:

> If the writer is a maker of literature; in other words, if he writes, it is because he is assuming the function of perpetuating, in a world where freedom is always threatened, the assertion of freedom and the appeal to freedom.
>
> A writer who does not take his stand on this ground is guilty; not only guilty, but he soon ceases to be a writer.

Is there any sense at all in this argument? Presumably what Sartre means in the first paragraph is: "If a writer is what I call a writer, he asserts freedom, etc." And in the second paragraph: "If a writer does not assert freedom, etc., he soon ceases to be what I call a writer." The whole makes sense only as the bald tautology: "If a man is not what I call a writer he is not what I call a writer." Hardly a profound thought, even by Existentialist standards?

Some of the essays seem at first sight to embody a more substantial philosophy. There is Emmanuel Mounier pleading thus for Christian Pessimism:

> For the Christian, . . . the end of the world, with its double urgency—that of the Last Judgment and the permanent offer of glory and salvation—is as it were distributed over the whole of history and the length of each life, so that it is devalued in so far as it is a particular historical event that must take place at an historical epoch. In the same way, to the man who sees the universe as absurd, the world is effectively finished, annihilated, reduced to nothingness at every moment and in every consciousness. Mankind does not issue anywhere, but death, individual death, likewise does not issue anywhere, and neither does the action of which life is made up.

Mr. Ayer has a word for such writers as this. He calls them philosophical *pontiffs.* His objection to the *pontiffs* is not that their propositions are false, but that they are meaningless. True, people expect philosophers to tell them something about the meaning of life. They ask philosophers: what is it all for? Mr. Ayer insists that such questions are unanswerable. All that he will admit is that the *problem* which is embodied in such questions can be solved. Solved, that is, not by the expression of an answer in the form of a proposition, but in the adoption of a rule, which cannot be characterised as either true or false, but which is judged as more or less acceptable. With the adoption of such rules, the problem is solved so far as reasoning can solve it. The rest is a matter of personal decision and finally of action.

For Mr. Ayer, there is no sense in asking what is the ultimate purpose of our existence; why is life as it is? We can answer the question *how* the universe is by looking at it—by scientific investigation. But all the answers to the question *how* will not add to an answer to the question *why.* Since the question *why* is logically unanswerable, it should not be surprising that no one has yet answered it. The surprising thing is that people persist in asking it.

Life has a meaning, Mr. Ayer insists, so far as each of us severally chooses to give it a meaning. The purpose of a man's existence is constituted by the ends to which he, consciously or unconsciously, devotes himself. Different men have different objects; the same man has different objects at different times. Metaphysicians—or the philosophical *pontiffs*—have been driven by their fondness for tidiness into arguing that all these diverse ends of men can be reduced to one: the pursuit of happiness, for example, or obedience to God. Mr. Ayer suggests that there is no such single end.

The question how men ought to live is another which Mr. Ayer holds to be soluble only by each man for himself. Judgments of value he distinguishes—surely quite reasonably—from statements of fact, and he maintains that the one cannot be reduced to the other. Yet he resists an inference often made from this to the conclusion that no conduct is worse than any other. For the judgment that no course of conduct is worse than another is itself a judgment of value and not a statement of fact. There are thus, for Mr. Ayer, no moral facts. There is a choice of value. He believes it is practically impossible to live without values, but he insists that there is no "well of truth" to which a philosopher can direct the attention of the layman.

Compression does no justice to the scope and lucidity of this important essay. It is certainly the clearest statement yet written for the general reader of a philosophical doctrine ("technique" might be a better word) which has swept the universities in the past few years. Some people call it Logical Positivism. Mr. Ayer's own

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term is "analysis," and he calls himself a *journeyman* as distinct from a philosophical *pontiff*. It is a point of view which, though sometimes said to be foreign, is in fact peculiarly British. Mr. Ayer's immediate teachers (apart from Professor Ryle) were largely continental, but his work is in the empirical tradition of Locke and Berkeley and especially of Hume. The voice in Hume which woke Kant from his "dogmatic slumbers" echoes here in Mr. Ayer's crisp essay, and readers of the present book who are perhaps, as I was, befuddled by lugubrious vapours of Apocalyptic Pessimism, of Marxism and of Existentialism, will find that they are wakened, too.

MAURICE CRANSTON

GERMANY OUT OF DATE

German Journey. By ETHEL MANNIN. *Jarrolds.* 12s. 6d.

Books about post-war Germany have a way of deceiving not only their readers but frequently also their authors. Presumably Miss Mannin was genuinely convinced that in her nineteen days' rush through Western Germany, Berlin and Austria in June, 1947, she had seen all it was necessary to see and that she had got at the heart of the matter, while in fact she had seen next to nothing and somewhat naively misunderstood most of that. Her private preoccupations and her perfectly honourable preconceived ideas about what was wrong with Germany and British administration there combined to under-equip her as a reporter; in addition, West Germany currency reform has changed the picture out of all recognition, so to speak behind her back, and played a nasty confidence trick on her and her book. Even so, she must have been conscious of the thinness of her material; I can see no other motive for her padding her 160 pages with literally scores of lengthy quotations from newspaper despatches and other people's books, notably Victor Gollancz's, Fenner Brockway's and *Berlin Twilight*, a popular and rather slipshod account by Lt. Col. Byford-Jones. These books and despatches were mostly out of date at the time they were published; they were doubly out of date when Miss Mannin quoted them, and they are hopelessly so now that her own account appears.

What is wrong with this type of book? It is, I suggest, that the author does not really take her subject seriously enough. Very charmingly she confesses that, after nine years of absence, she felt a desperate urge to re-visit Germany and look up three or four old friends in widely scattered places. While visiting her friends and old haunts (one is surprised that, after long previous residence in Salzburg, she still grotesquely misspells the name of the river which flows through that delightful town) she was anxious to "find out what German youth is thinking". In the circumstances it is surprising that she saw and heard as much as she did, but it is not surprising that she came away with an obsession about transport difficulties, movement orders, passes, press camps, *Volkswagen*, moody and not so moody German drivers and the haunting experience of riding for hours along the sunbaked *Autobahn*. What German youth is thinking we do not hear, because German youth does not do its thinking in military trains, along the *Autobahn* and in press camps, and it takes considerably longer than 19 days to run to earth some of its more articulate representatives.

Yet, despite all these self-imposed handicaps, Miss Mannin's account could have easily contained more charm and greater accuracy.

Her statements about the food situation, desperate as it then was, are worse than ill-informed; the charge that it was deliberately brought about by the Allies and some unfathomable processes in Washington where "food is being used as a political weapon," shared by many and disputed by many, has proved to be grossly unjust. Yet Miss Mannin is so preoccupied with allied sins and evil intentions that the possibility of this shortage being largely brought about by "German's inhumanity to German" does not occur to her. The wealth of home-produced foodstuffs which has appeared on the open market in Western Germany since the monetary reform has since done a great deal to correct the crooked perspectives of the German food disaster.

But her approach is almost purely emotional, and this leads her to make curious psychological blunders herself. After many complaints that the British in Germany do not treat their German drivers well and never speak to them, Miss Mannin herself does something rather worse. Following a six-hour drive from Freiburg to Frankfurt (the previous day they had been driving for nine), her driver is reluctant to take on the extra four hours which would get them to the Ruhr that night. But Miss Mannin forced him to carry on because, in her own words, she was "interested in the extent to which the driving force of one's own will is involved in the achievement of one's objective". She thought the man moody and stubborn. It seems not to have occurred to her that the chap might be exhausted and afraid of an accident but dared not tell her so. He bowed to the "new Herrenvolk" attitude of which Miss Mannin, of all people, had made herself a somewhat naive representative. But then, he was a British corporal, not a hungry German.

PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

The British Labour Party. *Caxton.* 3 volumes £4 5s. 6d.

A good cheap handbook on the British Labour Party, its composition and its history, would have been useful for many Labour Party supporters. The promoters of these volumes, of whom the most active is Mr. Tracey, Chief Publicity Officer of the Trades Union Congress, have decided otherwise. They offer three bulky volumes, pretentiously bound, wastefully produced and, though seemingly heavy, surprisingly light when lifted, for £4 5s. 6d. cash. They add, however, that this work can be obtained by the payment of 9s. on delivery and 9s. a month for nine months—£4 10s. in all. Most publishers could have resolved the essence of that matter into one conveniently sized book for not more than a quarter of the price. The contents are boring and badly written. The exciting story of the Labour Party has been overlaid with a crushing Aldermanic pomposity. To discuss in such a work people like Robert Blatchford, Keir Hardie and the Webbs is almost an insult to their memory—presumably this is not the intention. As it is, the whole production must be put down to an appalling lack of taste and a desire to make good honest members of the Labour Party feel more respectable than they want to. The best of the many contributors, mostly amateur writers, is Mr. J. R. Clynes, who infuses some life and vigour and interest into his several pieces. The worst of the contributors is Mr. Tracey, the editor, who here writes poorly but apparently believes it to be the duty of an editor to collect as much material from all sources as possible and to print the lot without sifting. From the material available a good, informative book could have been compiled. It is regretable the opportunity has been missed.

Documents on British Foreign Policy, 1919–1939. First Series, Vol. II, 1919. Edited By E. L. WOODWARD and ROHAN BUTLER. *H.M. Stationery Office.* 32s. 6d.

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is mainly concerned with the winding up of the Peace Conference, the final arrangements for bringing the Treaty into force, but it also had to deal with some other important and often ticklish problems. At one time they were largely occupied in trying to get the Roumanians out of Hungary, a farcical and at the same time a tragic business. Then, among other things, there was the Hungarian Treaty, the question of the sinking of the German ships at Scapa Flow, the thorny question of the Adriatic. The vast mass of these documents adds little to our knowledge, though naturally there are often things historically interesting and even occasionally amusing. The second series which covers the meetings in London are more important, for they were the meetings of the heads of Governments, and they had to settle some crucial questions upon which the Allies had failed to agree in Paris. The most important of these was the Adriatic.

Week-end Competitions

No. 976

Set by Sebastian

The usual prizes are offered for a poem of twelve lines recalling the pleasures of the "Penny Dreadful." Entries by November 9.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 973

Set by Mark Ogilvie

Mr. T. S. Eliot is said to have addressed the envelope of a letter with a rhymed directive to the postman, as follows :—

Cycle apace to Charleston, Firle,
While knitting at your plain and purl,
Deliver there to good Clive Bell,
(You know the man, you know him well,
He plays the virginals and spinet),
This note—there's almost nothing in it.

Competitors are asked to inscribe an envelope similarly to any one of the following : Mr. Eliot, Mr. Tommy Handley, Mr. Bevin, Mrs. Roosevelt. Maximum 8 lines.

Report by Mark Ogilvie

It is clear that the custom of addressing envelopes in rhymed verse ought to be revived. Perhaps it has been ; for this competition produced an enormous and enjoyable entry. As a test of fame the results amounted almost to a Gallup Poll. At first it looked as if Mr. Bevin was winning ; but he was soon overtaken and left far behind by Mr. Eliot—and had to yield second place to Mr. Handley. No doubt the remoteness of Mrs. Roosevelt put her last. The numerous envelopes inscribed to her were, without exception, sincere and warm in feeling.

Natural, perhaps, that a poet should inspire wittier addresses than a politician or comedian ; brickbats or bouquets to the latter tend towards the crude and obvious. With Mr. Eliot we had all the pleasures of streets, involutions, arguments, mornings spread out against the sky, and time present being time enough. Ronald Lambton opened delightfully :—

Russell, the not too fashionable Square,
Harbour's the quiet house of Faber Faber,
Where, by a turning of the second stair,
Mr. Sterns Eliot may be found at labour.

So did Dickin Moore :—

Eight o'clock.
Postman knock
At 24 Russell Square
And take this there.

but both overdid it in their second verses.

Many good entries had to be discarded for giving no sort of direction to a postman ; among these, with most regret, those of C. G. Butcher and Granville Garley. Those rude to postmen—"take this on your flat feet," and the like—and those who sent him on globe-trots as vast and vague as Io's, were also rejected. A first prize of 2 gns. goes, without hesitation, to D. E. C. Cave, for his delectable envelope, beautifully sustained ; 1 gn. to Tom Ainsworth, who combines point, clarity and wit. The rest divided between Stanley French, Audrey Jennings, Nancy Warner, E. L. O., and W. H. White. Honourable mentions to J. R. Till, D. L. Urquhart Pullen, G. J. Blundell, Hassall Pitman, Arnold M. Price, Fergie, W. J. Ellenby, M. G. Hull, Chauve-Souris, and O. M. V. Argles.

If you go by the way you usually go
From the place you usually come from,
Not knowing or caring why but carrying this letter,
If you go to Twenty-four Russell Square,
You may or may not find him, T. S. Eliot,
At this intersection of Publishing and Poetry,
Blending the temporal with the eternal,
In London. Either there or elsewhere.

D. E. C. CAVE

West-centralise your steps to Russell Square
And seek the worthy T. S. Eliot there,
Care of the single co-directing Faber
Who first found ordered merit in his labour.
(You'll know the poet ; he is fairly old,
And wears the bottoms of his trousers rolled).

TOM AINSWORTH

Kind postman, this letter please quickly deliver
(A walk before breakfast is good for the liver)
To Eliot T. S. at two-four Russell Square ;
He's concerned in a firm that does publishing there,
Though his fame (you may know it) was won as a poet,
(But there's nothing about his appearance to show it);
And if he's not there, since this is urgent—I stress it—
I'm sure Messrs Faber will soon re-address it.

STANLEY FRENCH

For Mr. Thomas Handley, these,
Care of the B.B.C. Now please,
Speed, postman, like an antelope
Bearing this precious envelope.
It has a brand-new chestnut in't,
Fit for the air if not for print,
No matter in what kind of taste,
Haste with it, postman, haste, post-haste !

AUDREY JENNINGS

Across the duck-pond let this speed
For sixpence, by our Air Mail rates,
To Eleanor, who was indeed
The Foremost Lady of the States.
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NANCY LE PLASTRIER WARNER

Let who so bears this note lie fleet
To Mr. Bevin, Downing Street.
Halfway down Whitehall ; there alight,
Turn left beneath the arch, then right,
To the Foreign Office. He should know it,
Or the policeman there will show it.

E. L. O.

May this letter duly stamped
Be delivered with all speed
To "that man" so often vamped
By his Secretarial "feed."
Seek a PORTLAND stone facade
Thats the PLACE where they employ
Jester Tommy, known to trade
As Mrs. Handley's little boy.

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Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

BBC. invites applics. for post of Assistant to Further Education Officer, Talks Division. Post would be a temporary one for a period of two years and duties will be to assist the Further Education Officer in the audience study entailed by an experiment in educational broadcasting. Candidate would have to be prepared to carry out admin. duties and to deputise for the Further Education Officer in her absence. An interest in Further Education and Sociology would be essential and some acquaintance with the techniques of investigation would be an added qualific. Starting sal. £610 (may be higher if qualifics. and exp. are exceptional), rising by £40 to £800 max. Applics. must be made on prescribed form which can, reg. with further details of post, be obtained from Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. For reply please enclose s.a.e. Closing date for receipt of the completed applic. forms is Nov. 20. Envelopes should be marked "Education, N. Stm."

HEMEL Hempstead Development Corporation. Applics. invited for appointment of Manager of Information Office. Person appointed will be directly responsible to Public Relations Officer for the management of that section of the Public Relations Dept. concerned with information to and from the public. Candidates must have (1) Practical exp. on the staff of a newspaper. (2) Knowledge of preparation of written material for the Press, including typography. (3) Sufficient administ exp. to organise and run an information office, and (4) Interest in and some knowledge of town planning and New Town projects. Appointment is in the Senior Asst. Grade, which rises from £550 by increments of £25 to £750 a year. Contributory Superannuation provided. Applics., giving full personal parties. and names of 3 refs., should be clearly endorsed "Information" on env. and addressed to reach W. O. Hart, General Manager, Westbrook Hay, Hemel Hempstead, Herts. by Nov. 10, 1948.

ESSEX Educ. Ctee. Applics. invited for post of Educational Psychologist. Duties will include work at Child Guidance Clinic shortly to be established in Ilford and remedial, and advisory work in schools. Candidates should hold an Hons. Degree in Psychology and have had clinical training at recognised training centre for Child Guidance work. Sal. scale, men—£650 × £25—£850 p.a.; women—£585 × 20—£680 p.a. Further partics. and applic. forms from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

APPLICS. invited for posts of (a) General Secretary's Assistant, and (b) Chief Organiser. Remuneration, incldg. C. of L. Allce. at current rate, in region of £600 p.a. each post. Applicants for (a) reqd. to be expd. in Ctee. procedure, and preparation of Minutes, negotiations, admin. and conference arrangements; (b) to have exp. of organisational detail, planning of meetings, campaigns and cognate matters. Public speaking ability reqd. in both appointments. Application forms from Assistant General Secy., National Union of Bank Employees, 28 Old Queen St., S.W.1.

BERMUDA. Reqd. for Bermuda High School for Girls, Mistress for Shorthand, Typewriting and Book-keeping, and to give some Secretarial help. Sal. £460 × £10—£500. Non-resident. Outward and homeward passage paid on 3 years' contract. Applicants must be under 40. Apply: Society for Oversea Settlement of British Women, 43/44 Parliament St. S.W.1.

UNIV. of Leeds, Department of Phonetics. Applics. invited for post of Assistant Lecturer in Phonetics at an initial salary of £400/£450 a year, appointment to be effective from as early a date as can be arranged. Applics. should reach Registrar, The University, Leeds, (from whom further partics. may be obtained), by Nov. 9, 1948.

UNIVERSITY of Nottingham. Dept. of Economics and Social Studies. Applics. invited for following appointments: (a) Assistant Lecturer in Economics; (b) Assistant Lecturer in Economics and Social Statistics. Sal. scale £400–£450 p.a. Initial sal. according to qualifics. and exp. Applic. to be made at once. Conditions of appointment and form of applic. from H. Pickbourne, Registrar.

POSTS of "Assistant" in French and Swiss Schools. Applics. invited for posts as "Assistants" in French lycées, collèges, and écoles normales. The posts will be tenable for the whole school year 1949-50. Assistants will be expected to take small groups for English conversation for twelve hours a week (usually two hours a day). They will receive a maintenance allowance to cover reasonable living and personal exps. Applics. are normally restricted to graduates and undergraduates in their third year. The upper age limit is 30 years. Applics. invited also for very small number of similar posts in both the German and French speaking cantons of Switzerland. Applics. should be made as soon as possible and none can be considered after Dec. 15, 1948. Partics. and applic. forms from Secy., Information and External Relations Dept., Ministry of Education, Curzon St. London, W.1.

THOMAS Coram School, Berkhamsted. Expd Catering Officer reqd. for above educational boarding and day school. Sal. £300–£450, according to qualifics. and exp., plus full board residence during term time. Full charge of kitchen, dining hall and staff meals. Mid-day meals 500; residents 150. Superann. Scheme available. Applics. to Sec., 29 Brunswick Square, London, W.C.1.

Appointments Vacant—continued

ESSEX Educ. Ctee. Borough of Ilford Division. Psychiatric Social Worker reqd. for duties in Ilford Child Guidance Clinic, shortly to be established. Candidates should possess the Mental Health Certificate of Univ. of London or other approved cert. or diplom.; and exp. in Child Guidance work is desirable. Sal. £370, rising by annual increments of £20 to £530. Regard will be had to previous exp. in fixing commencing sal. Applics. (no forms), giving full partics. as to age, qualifics., and exp. to reach G. J. Miles, Borough Education Officer, Town Hall, Ilford, by Nov. 9.

WELLGARTH Nursery Training College (Inc.), Wellgarth Rd. London, N.W.11. The Committee invites applics. for the appointment of Principal. College is residential and its students are trained for all branches of nursery work. The post reqs. a good administrator with wide interests and initiative, exp. in training of students. Knowledge of the care of children from a few weeks to five yrs., and some exp. of nursery school work is essential. Sal. from £450 with residence, according to qualifics. and exp. Apply to the Chairman at above address.

THE Motor Industry Research Assoc., Gt. West Road, Brentford, Middx., has vacancy for Assistant in its technical library. Candidates not over 25 years, should pref. have attained Registration standard of Library Association, but consideration given to suitable applicants of Elementary standard who are following a course of further study. Commencing sal. £300 p.a. or over according to qualifics. Applics. to Director at above address.

HERTFORDSHIRE County Council. Applics. invited for post of Housekeeper at School for 80 educationally sub-normal children, boys 5-11, girls 5-16, to be opened at Broxbournebury (1 mile from Broxbourne Station), in Jan., 1949. Sal. according to exp., between £215 and £260 p.a., plus resident emoluments. Application forms from County Education Officer, County Hall, Hertford, to be returned by Nov. 13.

COUNTY Borough of Ipswich Educ. Ctee. School of Commerce, Argyle St. Ipswich. Principal: H. G. Benner, B.A., B.Sc. (Econ.). Applics. invited from men or women for permanent full-time post at this school. Sal. in accordance with Burnham Technical Scale. Applicants should hold a B.Com. degree or equivalent qualifics., be prepared to teach Maths., Statistical Methods and Accountancy up to Intermediate standard, to assist with other subsidiary subjects and to take up duties early in Jan. Forms of applic. from J. T. Hill, Chief Educ. Officer, 17 Tower St., Ipswich, to be returned completed, by Nov. 13.

LANCASHIRE C.C. Children's Ctee. Applics. invited for follg. appointments at a new Children's Home which will shortly be opening in Padiham. The Home will accommodate 17 boys and girls from 3 years of age upwards who are deprived of a normal home life. Matron: £220 by £15 to £350 p.a. plus emoluments. Assistant Matron: £180 by £10 to £220 p.a. plus emoluments. Exp. and qualifics. will determine commencing sal. in each case. Applicants should have a deep interest in children as individuals and possess understanding of a child's needs. Though exp. in Children's Homes will be an advantage, the personality of the candidate is the essential consideration, and applicants will be considered who have exp. in the wide field of social and educ. work with children and young people. Children's Assistant: £176 16s. p.a. plus emoluments. Applicants should be understanding women interested in caring for deprived children. Previous exp. not essential. Applic. forms from County Children's Officer, County Offices, Preston, to whom completed applics. shd. be returned by Nov. 13.

L.C.C. Applics. invited for post of Assistant Master or Mistress to teach junior maladjusted children at hostel for maladjusted children, Thornton Rd. Balham. Successful candidates will be appointed to divisional staff (special schools). Teachers already in L.C.C. service can apply for secondment to these positions. Sal., Burnham Scale, plus two additional increments carried beyond the max. Application forms from Educ. Officer (T.S.5), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1 (s.a.e. necessary), returnable by Nov. 13. (2038.)

L.C.C. Applics. invited for post of resident Assistant Master or Mistress at Grafham Grange School for educationally sub-normal junior boys, Bramley, nr. Guildford, Surrey. Ability to play the piano desirable. Sal., Burnham Scale, plus two increments carried beyond the max. Emoluments of board, lodging (single quarters), and washing, in consideration of supervisory duties outside school hours. Application forms from Educ. Officer (T.S.5), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1 (s.a.e. necessary), returnable by Nov. 13. Canvassing disqualifies. (2040.)

L.C.C. Applics. invited for post of Assistant Master and Mistress (resident/non-resident) at Ongar Residential School for educationally sub-normal boys, Ongar, Essex. Qualifics. in handwork and music desirable. Salary—Burnham Scale, plus two increments carried beyond max. In the case of a resident teacher emoluments of board, lodging and washing provided in consideration of supervisory duties outside school hours. If non-resident staff perform similar supervisory duties they are entitled to an allowance of £104 a year in lieu of emoluments. Applic. forms from Educ. Officer (T.S.5), County Hall, S.E.1 (s.a.e. necessary), returnable by Nov. 13. Canvassing disqualifies. (2041.)

LABOUR/Journalist M.P. wants private secretary at once. Good shorthand/typing essent. Odd hours but long hols. Box 6363.

JUNIOR Shorthand-Typist required for Advertisement Department of weekly journal. Box 6406.

Appointments Vacant—continued

THE Post Office Engineering Union invites applics. for post of Research Officer. Post is permanent and pensionable. Sal. scale is £550–£25–£650. The vacancy is not earmarked. All applics. will be considered and treated as confidential. Applics. to be made on forms obtainable from General Secy. (Research Officer), P.O.E.U., Greystoke House, Hangar Lane, Ealing, W.5. Closing date for completed applic. forms is first post, Mon., Nov. 29, 1948.

THE National Foundation for Educational Research invites applics. for post of Officer-in-Charge of the Tests Division. Applicants must have had the training and educational and psychological exp. necessary to deal efficiently with the preparation of tests of all types for pupils of all ages. For this important post the sal. will be fixed according to the qualifics. and exp. of the successful candidate. Applics. should be forwarded to P. D. Innes, Director, 79 Wimpole St. W.1, not later than Nov. 20.

STEPNEY Pacifist Service. Further applics. invited for residential post of expd./qual. Unit Leader. "Problem family" and neighbourhood work. Caseworkers also required. Partics. from 6/355, The Highway, E.1.

FAMILY Service Units, L'pool, London and Manchester, req. resident men caseworkers over 23 yrs. for intensive work with Problem Families. Sal. scale £220/£25/£320, plus res. accdg. exp., qualifics., age. Apply Sec. F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

L.C.C. Resident Assistant Matron reqd. at Stamford House Remand Home, 206A Goldhawk Rd. Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12. Duties incl. assistance to Matron in domestic administration of the home, including catering. It is anticipated that the sal. will be £190 to £230 p.a. plus tax-free emoluments of board, lodging and laundry. 4 weeks' annual leave plus the six public holidays or days in lieu. Perm. pensionable appointment subject to satisfactory service and medical exam. Send s.a.e. for applic. form and further details to Educ. Officer (Estab. 6D/104), County Hall, London, S.E.1. (2027.)

WANTED, exp. Senior Master (English subjects), willing to deputise Headmistress, also exp. Junior teacher, pref. Froebel trained. Couple combining these activities most acceptable. Co-ed. Boarding School 80 miles from London. Box 353.

ST. Luke's Parochial School, 188 Old St. E.C.1. Reqd. immediately for Infants' Class well qualified mistress. School fully equipped and in central position. Apply Head Mistress at the School.

CLUB Leaders and Assistants (women) reqd. for Y.W.C.A. Centres serving all age groups. Training necessary. Salary from £270 for young assistants up to £420 non-resident. Hostel Wardens, Assistants and Cook Caterers. Previous exp. in institutional work desirable but not essential. Sal. from £120 for Assistants up to £250 resident for Wardens. Higher salaries for a few posts involving special responsibility. Apply by letter only: Personnel Sec., Y.W.C.A. Natl. Offices, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Women under 41 req. M. of L. permit.

GIRLS' Club Leader, age groups 10-18 yrs. and Play Centre. Sal. £150–£200 according to exp. and qualifics., plus board residence. Full partics. and testimonials to Warden, Grey Lodge Settlement, 9 Wellington St. Dundee.

BETHLEM Royal Hospital, Monks Orchard, Eden Park, Beckenham, Kent. Student Nurses trained in Psychiatric nursing. Resident or non-resident. Full recreational facilities for resident staff. 4 weeks' annual holiday with pay. Sal. during training £100 to £105 p.a. plus Government allowance for women who have served a year in H.M. Forces or in work of national importance (1st year £25 p.a.). Grants of £20 and £30 are paid at the end of second and third years of training provided the necessary exams. have been passed. Apply Matron.

PERSONAL Secretary to Managing Editor of Countrygoer. Initiative, editorial and/or advertising experience an advantage. Write full partics.: Countrygoer, 58 Frith St. W.1.

HALF-Time Secretary reqd. for Association of Psychiatric Social Workers, pref. a P.S.W. or Prof. Social worker. Sal. £5 p.w. Typing essential. Exp. in Ctee. work reqd. Apply Chairman, A.P.S.W. Offices, 1 Park Crescent, W.1, by letter.

TRANSLATORS reqd., able to make simple typewritten translations from and/or into any of follg. languages: Finnish, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Dutch, Italian. Isobel Jay, Ltd., 98 Western Rd., Hove.

WANTED, educated Cook-housekeeper with own child about four. Must be fond of country, mountains, sea. Box 5605.

SECRETARIES, Bookkprs., S/Typs., C/Typs., Tels., Clerks, etc., promptly placed. No charge to staff. Exp. temp. shthnd. typs. and telephonists available. Fine's Agency, 95a, Praed St. W. PAD. 1123 (8 lines).

Appointments Wanted

YOUNG man, 24, not unintelligent and whose optimism not undermined by the limitations of an Elementary Education, seeks break through blind alley of factory employment with opportunity for initiative. Box 6029.

SLOVAK lawyer-business man, linguist with administrative experience, seeks interesting position. Box 5969.

YET another intelligent girl, 21, seeks interesting work. Drive, type; interested music, world affairs, educ., etc. No Sats. Box 5884.

GERMAN girl, 27, seeks work with broad-minded, tolerant people. Exclt. exp. as secretary (English/German shorthand), housekeeper, children's nurse. Interests: Art, Literature, Welfare. Box 5735.

WOMAN, 19, Inter. science, plus two years University study, requires interesting post. Box 5709

Appointments Wanted—continued

INTELLIGENT woman, efficient secretary, offers part-time services. Use room, typewriter, if required. Box 6415.

Accommodation Vacant and Wanted

DIVAN bed-sttg.-room, bfast., linen, serv., heat, light, local 'phone calls, bathroom, all incl., just off Eaton Sq. 3gns. Box 6422.

FURNISHED service flatlets for gentlemen. A single room is available in superior house near Harrods. An inexpensive town pied-à-terre. McFie, 8 Beaufort Gdns. Knightsbridge, S.W.3. Ken. 4367.

FULLY equipped, quiet, comf. single and double bed-sit.-rooms to let to prof. or business people. Breakfast and service provided. Good neighbourhood, N.W. London; easy access W. End & City. Phone. Box 4484.

CONWAY Chambers. Furn. Serv. Rooms. Just opened, redecorated throughout. Reasonable. 61-62, Leinster Sq. W.2.

SALCOMBE, S. Devon Coast. Attractive old cottage (modernised), 3 bed, bathroom, lounge, dining-room, kitchen, small gdn., main services, within few paces of peaceful estuary. Vacant possession, freehold, £3,000. Apply Page & Chant, Salcombe ('Phone 78).

CHARMOUTH, Dorset. Furnished house vacant Dec. 1 to April 30. 3 bedrooms. Garage. Garden. Linen. £3 3s. Box 6140.

ON low cliff, nr. Padstow. All elec. house. 5 b.r., 2 s.r., bthrm., £2 12s. 6d. Mid. November till Easter. Hubback, 19 Wellgarth Rd. N.W.11.

FLAT reqd. bus. couple out all day, conv. City and West End. Box 6033.

SMALL unfurn. s.c. flat or studio apt. reqd. by civilised transatlantic aviator. Mod. rent. W. Lond. area/suburb. Box 6032.

PROFESSIONAL Gentleman seeks well-furnished bed-sitting room in mod. flat/hse., close Met. Line, Harrow. Rickmansworth. Breakfast only, away Fri./Mon. Box 6031.

YOUNG woman seeks unfurnished two-room flat in London. Apply Box 5973.

OXFORD Graduate, ex-service, requires small inexpensive flat Kensington-Chelsea area. Box 5934.

RESEARCH Chemist (University Graduate) urgently reqs. furn. accom. (with or without board), pref. nr. Wimbledon. Box 6008.

Schools

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, broad interests. Apply Head Mistress.

BEDSTONE Court School, Bucknell, Salop. (Boys 8-18). Vacancies in this new and growing school for January and May terms. R. J. Rees, M.A. (Cantab.).

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough 299. Pre-Prep. Nursery School. All year home. Sound Education and Training. Health excellent.

GAVESTON Hall, Nuthurst, Horsham, Sussex, for boys and girls prep. age. Sound educ.; family life; individ. attention; grad. staff. Also Senior course with agricultural bias. Apply Principal (Lower Beeding 384).

KINGSMUIR School, Sible Hedingham, Essex. Branch of Sommerhill School. Crafts, riding, excellent diet, central heating. Paying guests welcome.

KENSINGTON Froebel Nursery School for children of prof. parents. 9 a.m.–5 p.m. 2½ to 5 yrs. Froebel teachers, catering by qualified dietitian. Car collection. Weekly boarders accepted. Redcliffe Nursery School, 47 Redcliffe Gdns., S.W.10. Fla. 0489.

MERRIVILLE, Bigbury-on-Sea, S. Devon. Home and School for children over 2. Individuals studied to aid adjustment and development towards freedom, responsibility, expression. W. Merrington (Hons. B.Sc.).

ODAM Hill School; a friendly beginning for boys and girls (4-13). Animal care, riding, etc., on Children's Farm. Enqs., particularly from parents abroad. R. A. Falkner and Mrs. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14—where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1950 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

ST. Timothy's School, Dawlish, Devon. Independent Co-educational school for boarders and day scholars from five to school certificate; preparation for secondary and public schools, situated in ideal surroundings. Principal, Miss S. M. Stookes, N.F.U.

SHERWOOD School (Epsom 9125). A co-educ. community, aiming at indep. initiative and friendliness. Schl., Higher Certs., boarding, day (exc. centre for Wimbledon, Sutton, Kingston, Leatherhead).

SIZEWELL Hall, Suffolk. Preparatory school for boys and girls, 7-14, amongst pinewoods on the coast of the 2,000-acre Sizewell Estate. Private beach, 60-acre boating lake, tennis and squash courts. High standard of Health and Diet. Vacancies. Prospectus. Leiston 199.

SPRINGFIELD Grange Co-ed. boarding School in Chilterns, 5-13 yrs. Children run their own farm as part of curriculum. Limited vacs. for post-school children to do practical & theoretical farm & dairy wk. Hol. home for children 8-17 yrs. Apply Secy., Springfield Grange School, Gt. Missenden, Bucks.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. Clarendon House, 11 & 12 Clifford St. W.1. Regent 2803. Founded 1901

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